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SEVEN CHILDREN HELD FOR "LICKING TEACHER"

Miss Mary Meyer Had Strenuous Time at Penn Twp School.

ONE EYE BLACKENED

Claims Seven Scholars, Whose Ages Range from 9 to 16 Years, Gave Her Beating When She Tried to Enforce Discipline—Goes to Court.

Following a spirited hearing before Squire Musser on Tuesday, a "trouble in the school" case, of an aggravated form, was referred to Judge Orvis to be disposed of by him in the juvenile court. The case originated at the Elk Creek school, near Woodward, in Penn township. Like most cases, there are two sides to this one. The side of the teacher, Miss Mary E. Meyer, the prosecutrix, was all that was heard on Tuesday. Seven children, the oldest 16 and the youngest but 9 years, were the defendants. Their side to the story will be told when Judge Orvis hears the case.

An assault on the teacher on Friday last, at wnich time Miss Meyer alleges she was punched and kicked and one of her eyes blackened, constituted the chief point brought out by the prosecution. The seven scholars appearing as defendants were alleged to have become unruly and inspired by a desire to "run the school." Moreover, it was alleged that the parents of the defendants took their part in the prolonged controversy and thereby contributed to the manifold troubles of the teacher. Squire Musser was disposed to not only certify the case to the juvenile court but to also place the costs of the hearing on the seven boys and girls. He was advised by counsel that he had no jurisdiction regarding costs. The ages of the defendants necessitated his certifying the case to the juvenile court. There Judge Orvis may discharge them, suspend sentence or direct that they be sent to some reform school. The defendants are Helen Treaster, Mattie Keen, Edna Orndorf, Margaret Krape, Norman Braught, Lee Swartz and Fred Bohn.

This is Miss Meyer's first year as a teacher. As she testified, however, it has been a strenuous one. Since the Christmas holidays her troubles while trying to manage her school have increased from day to day until the culmination last Friday in a general assault made upon her. Then she had a warrant issued and the seven youthful prisoners were summoned to appear before Squire Musser. Miss Meyer, as she appeared at the hearing, seemed to possess anything but a war-like disposition. On the other hand, the seven children, claimed to be so unruly that they had destroyed all order and discipline in the school, appeared to be typical, healthy, fun-loving school boys and girls. The teacher's view was that everything would have gone along all right had she received the moral support of the parents. The feeling of the latter was that the teacher was inexperienced and rather disposed to invite friction. Which view is the correct one will probably be revealed when the seven children are asked by Judge Orvis to tell their side to the story.

Some weeks ago, it was brought out at Tuesday's hearing, Miss Meyer severely reprimanded some of the defendants. To her dismay she found, on going to her school a few mornings later, that but one of the fourteen or fifteen scholars

(continued on page 8)

State Pensions for Veterans.

Three bills were this week introduced in the Legislature, at Harrisburg, to provide State pensions for Civil war veterans. Probably the most important was that presented by John T. Matt, of Bedford County, providing a graded pension similar to the measure passed by the Legislature four years ago. It provides for Pennsylvania soldiers who served one year or less, $5 per month; to those who served two years or less, $6 per month, and to those serving more than two years, $7 per month. The bill carries an appropriation of $1,900,000 to cover pensions for two years.

Will Contest Decided.

The will of the late S. C. Gilliland was contested in the Mifflin County court last week, the case continuing four days. The Court House was thronged during each session. The jury was out about one hour and returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Mrs. Belle C. Kimport, of Pine Grove Mills, is one of the legatees.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

BEECH CREEK LICENSE IS FIRST IN 29 YEARS

Judge Hall Grants Application After Lively Contest.

"WILL AID TEMPERANCE"

In Opinion Handed Down Court Scores Existing Conditions and Predicts That Licensed Saloon Will Minimize Drinking by Minors.

Beech Creek is to have a licensed hotel, following a long, drawn out fight with this end in view and one which has been fought intermittently during many years. Judge Hall, at Lock Haven, on Tuesday granted a liquor license to Jacob Basinger, the first given to Beech Creek in 29 years. The opponents of the license lost out only after the hardest kind of a fight. To many persons the action of the Clinton County court came as a surprise.

Counsel for the remonstrators set forth to the court that a license was not necessary in Beech Creek, that previous courts had so decided and that a majority of the voters there were opposed to it. On the other hand, counsel for Mr. Basinger, the applicant, set forth that of twenty business men in Beech Creek sixteen favored a license, that accommodations for the traveling public were limited, that it was not an unusual thing to see 50 kegs of beer shipped into the town on a single day and much of the contents distributed among minors. He further stated that frequently mere boys had been arrested there while intoxicated and that the granting of a license would cut down the extent of drinking by minors. In granting the license Judge Hall rendered the following opinion:

"It is conceded that there is a necessity for a hotel at Beech Creek to accommodate the traveling public, and it must be further conceded that no such consummation is possible unless a license be granted there. The present accommodations either for man or beast are intolerable. We have great respect for the citizens who have filed the remonstrance in this case, and for their opinion, and we have no question as to their sincerity and their belief that they are acting in the best interest of the cause of temperance in the community in which they live. We are also in thorough sympathy with their purpose, but we are firmly of the opinion that if we should accede to their demands we would do more injury to the cause of temperance in their community than it would be possible for any licensed hotel to do. The people who have signed this remonstrance have not signed it with the idea that no licensed hotel is necessary in Beech Creek particularly, but because they believe that no licensed hotel is necessary at any place, and, while this may be true, it is a conclusion that we are not permitted to reach under the laws of this commonwealth.

"We have made a personal investigation of the conditions at Beech Creek, and we find them similar to those existing in all unlicensed communities in counties where licenses obtain elsewhere. Speak-easies are existant and well known; there is no difficulty in obtaining intoxicating liquors for any man who desires it. Whiskey and beer is shipped to Beech Creek daily and in large quantities. Sunday is a saturnalia, and the difficulty of the situation is that under present circumstances boys of tender years are able to obtain liquor as easily as men of larger growth. Such conditions could not and never did exist where there is a regularly licensed place controlled by the law, and for this reason, believing that the conditions will be greatly improved by the licensing of a hotel that will meet the demands of the traveling public; that will be conducted decently and in accordance with the law by the gentleman in whose high character we have complete confidence, we have decided to grant this license. If experience should prove that we have been mistaken we will discontinue it, but we are satisfied that the results will convince the most skeptical that our decision is wise and conducive to law and order."

The following licenses were refused by Judge Hall:

Junction House, Columbus Hotel, Central Hotel, Pennsylvania Hotel, all of Lock Haven; William R. Charles, Mill Hall, and Edward Aughanbaugh, Wayne township. Action on the Columbus Hotel license was not final, there being two applicants. One of the two, only, was refused. The other will probably have his application granted.

Jane Addams Tells of Hull House.

By Elizabeth M. Blanchard.

On Saturday evening Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, spoke in the Auditorium at State College. Her subject was "Hull House and its Neighbors."

She introduced her talk with a sketch of the origin of the settlement movement. She told how Arnold Toynbee, at Oxford, found in teaching economics he needed more knowledge about the classes of the poor. He went to live with them in the poorest district of London, and encouraged a number of his friends to do likewise. In this research work they discovered ways of helping the people and after his death his friends erected Toynbee Hall in his memory. This is the present settlement house from which the movement has spread over England and the United States. In this country they were, at first, called College Settlements, because the original idea was that students from the Colleges or Universities should go there to learn and afterward share in the work of helping the neighborhood.

Hull House was among the first, if not the first, of these settlements in this country. It has been in existence about twenty years. Jane Addams has been the life and soul of this institution. Her influence also has been felt in many kindred movements throughout the country—in organizing charities, peace, temperance, woman suffrage, clean politics, etc., etc.

Hull House consists now of about thirteen buildings, covering a block and a half. The workers are for the most part self supporting. Research work is still carried on there, but many theories have been tried and proved successful. The greater part of the time is given to carrying on all kinds of social activities for the betterment of the people living in the neighborhood.

These neighbors, Miss Addams told us, consisted of people of all nationalities. The few Americans, found among these were, as a rule, those of our fellow-countrymen who wished to escape the authorities, or were of the pauper class.

The first and most essential thing to do in this work is, Miss Addams said, to establish a bond of sympathy between the workers and these widely different people. This is best done by a broad, intelligent and appreciative knowledge of the environment from which these people come—their country, their institutions, their ideals and habits. When this is done they readily reciprocate by giving back their confidence and trust. At this time, for instance, it is most important for the worker to have a clear, many-sided knowledge and sympathy with the contending parties in the Balkans.

Miss Adflams gave an illustration of how little one half knows the other half, by telling of a Greek play, one of Sophocles, I think, given by the Greeks at Hull House. Scholars from the Universities of Chicago and Wisconsin came, with their Greek texts to see it. The players were delighted to realize that Americans knew that they had a wonderful literature in their mother country and the scholars were greatly surprised that Greeks of the uneducated classes had any knowlegde of their own masters. It was an introduction of two sets of people to one another, who needed each other's help.

They have also established an Arts and Crafts centre at Hull House and have discovered that many of these people have preserved the knowledge of very old crafts, in pottery, metals, weaving, needlework etc. These are the delight of connoisseurs and a pleasant recreation to the people who accomplish this in their hours that are free from their daily toil.

In the unsuccessful effort of the settlement to supplant the alderman of their ward by one who would be free from corrupt politics, they found that this evil is recruited from the hands of boys, who render the leadership of one of their number, called the "Song and Dance Man," carry on the same game of favoritism and allegiance to the gang that is practiced by the politicians in their wards. This "Song and Dance Man" gives information concerning ways of breaking the law, with impunity. He furnishes protection when one of his followers gets into trouble and he metes out punishment to those outside the gang. When these boys grow up the "Song and Dance Man" becomes the ward politician and the others "his friends."

The best way to break up these bands has been found to be the opening up of small parks, where boys, who have physical powers and honest intelligence instead of cursing and deceitful wit, become the natural leaders, and the caretakers of such places can more easily guard against infringements of the law than can or will be done by policemen on the street corners and alleys.

At Hull House all kinds of help is given to all persons from the infant to the aged, from the pauper to the artist. One young man, who had been with them since he was a little boy and is now making good, was asked by Miss Addams what impressed him most at Hull House. He answered without hesitation. "I saw you were a bunch of people who were not on the make, and that you wanted to help a fellow along."

What Jane Addams has to say or write is always of interest, but whether one hears her in public or meets her in private life, one is deeply impressed by her tremendous personality. It is a great achievement, when a woman, who has done what she has, can keep herself sincere, sympathetic, refined and wise.

We in Bellefonte do not need a house for scholars and workers to live in, but we do need the help of every one living in comfortable homes. If every such man and woman would devote a small part of their time and thought in trying to find out the best way of making our neighborhood a good place for all to live in, and would help in every effort which they consider directed to this end, it would not be long before Bellefonte, which has always been known as a place of health and beauty, would also be known as a place where people lived, who were not entirely on the make and who helped others along.

Electric Deal Still On.

The deal for the purchase of the Bellefonte Electric Co. plant by A. W. Lee, of Clearfield, and others, is still hanging fire. Committees representing both sides held a meeting in Tyrone one day last week but no agreement was reached. The Clearfield syndicate originally submitted a proposition. This was met with a counter proposition by the Bellefonte Electric Co. It is now up to the Clearfield syndicate, say the local people.

Missionary Temperance Institutes.

Five Missionary Temperance Institutes will be held next week under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association. The territory covered by the five meetings embraces forty-eight counties. The dates and places for meetings follows: Pittsburgh, January 27; Oil City, January 28th; Altoona, January 29th; Harrisburg, January 30th, and Scranton, January 31st.

20 Churches Take Page "Ad."

There has long been a prejudice against churches advertising. True, some have done it on a small scale, mostly of the gratuitnous order. But Williamsport Protestant churches have evidently overcome this, for twenty of them collectively took a page advertisement in a local daily last Saturday. On Sunday the churches were crowded.

Investigate Highway Department.

The Legislature yesterday adopted a resolution calling for an investigation of the State Highway Department since it has been under the supervision of Director E. M. Bigelow.

DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT

Mr and Mrs. Samuel Ertle, of Georges Valley, Buried in Same Grave Today.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ertle, of Georges Valley, near Spring Mills, were buried in one grave this Thursday morning at the Georges Valley cemetery. The funeral was very largely attended.

Mrs. Samuel Ertle died last Saturday afternoon after an illness of several months at the age of 77 years, 3 months and 2 days. Mr. Ertle expired Tuesday noon at the age of 75 years and 25 days, as a result of a paralytic stroke.

Both were life-long residents of that community and were kind and congenial neighbors. The aged couple are survived by two daughters, Mrs. Wesley Gobble, living on an adjoining farm, and Mrs. S. E. Decker, of Altoona. Mrs. Ertle is also survived by a sister, Mrs. John Messimer, of Penn Hall, and a brother, John A. Minnich, of Salona. Mr. Ertle is survived by two brothers, Adam Ertle, of Penn Hall, and Daniel Ertle, of Marshaltown, Iowa, and one sister, Mrs. George Gentzel, of Spring Mills.

Both of the deceased were members of the Georges Valley Lutheran church. Rev. Fred W. Barry conducted the funeral services, assisted by Revs. Mr. Rearick, Mr. Henney and Mr. Price.

Foundry Resumes.

The Bellefonte Foundry resumed operations this week, the first cast being turned out on Monday. The managers expect to have upward of 100 men on the roll in the near future.

PRESBYTERIAN STEEPLE OVERTHROWN BY STORM

Toppled Over Into Street During Saturday's Fierce Gale.

LITTLE DAMAGE DONE

Part of Porch of M. I. Gardner Residence Destroyed—Structure Broke in Centre as it Fell—Part of Chapel Roof Carried Away.

During the five-minute gale which swept over Bellefonte last Saturday afternoon, the steeple of the Presbyterian church toppled over and fell with a terrific crash across Spring Street. The structure did not fall as one straight piece, which explains why so comparatively little damage was done. A section of six or eight feet of stone foundation dropped to the street, directly in front of the West entrance to the church. At the same time the wood section of the steeple fell outward, "buckled" in the centre and with a grinding, crushing noise landed into and almost straight across the street. To the fact that the steeple "buckled" is due the escape of the Mitchell I. Gardner home from being cut in two. As it was, the top of the steeple only extended to the front porch of the Gardner home. I fell with such force, however, that one end of the massive porch was cut off as if with an ax. A small piece of the cornice of the roof was carried away, but with this exception the house escaped without damage.

In a few minutes the news of the falling of the steeple spread from one end of town to the other and a crowd of curious spectators gathered to view the wreckage. Burgess Bower and members of the Logan and Undine fire companies were promptly on the scene and had the streets roped off to protect the spectators from possible injury by falling debris. The promptness in doing this, together with the rapidity with which the firemen cleared away the mass of timbers and stone elicited the favorable comment of all. In a few hours Spring Street had been cleared sufficiently for the resumption of traffic.

The wrecked steeple had been considered dangerous for many years, although by those who had examined it in recent months the belief was held that it would not fall unless caught in some especially violent storm. Saturday's storm was of just such a freakish character. It came up so suddenly and was over almost before persons fully had time to appreciate its violence. At about the same time the church steeple was toppling over the wind picked up a large section of the new slate roof on the Presbyterian chapel and lifted it completely off the building and down into the rear yard of the Dr. Edith Schad home. Several blocks distant the storm ripped off a brick chimney at the Dr. E. S. Dorworth home. The bricks were dashed into the adjoining yard of F. E. Naginey, fortunately doing little damage. Across on the opposite side of the hill the wind ripped out a large double window in the home of James H. Clark. In the lower end of town W. V. Larimer's Palace Livery sign was smashed into pieces.

One of C. C. Shuey's delivery wagons figured in an odd accident while the storm was at its height. The wagon was about to return from a trip to Lyontown when the storm burst upon it. Horse, wagon and driver were toppled over in less time than it takes to tell it. Up Buffalo Run part of the roof of Clayton Witmer's barn was swept away. The Catherman blacksmith ship at Linden Hall was also unroofed.

That no lives were lost in the wrecking of the Presbyterian church steeple seems to have been almost miraculous. Mrs. Cyrus Strickland, mother of Mrs. M. I. Gardner, has been visiting at the Gardner home for some time and she was standing at the window, directly facing the church steeple, when the structure fell. Shortly before the storm came up she had been sitting at the window. Later she had walked across the room, returning to the window to note the extent of the storm. Just as she peered out of the window she saw the church steeple falling toward her. Mrs. Strickland is 75 years of age, but is remarkably active and with rare presence of mind she ran from the window toward the rear of the house, calling to Mrs. Gardner to run because the house was falling in. At that moment Mrs. Strickland believed the steeple would crash into the house. Her close call from instant death may be, realized when it is explained that the window at which she been standing is located at the end of the porch crushed under the falling timbers. The tower

(Continued on page 8)

NOW WANT $1,000,000 TO PUSH AGRICULTURE

State College Trustees Urged to Revise Appropriations.

OFFICERS ARE ELECTED

General Beaver Again Named as President at Annual Meeting Held at Harrisburg on Monday—President Sparks Files Report.

At their meeting in Harrisburg on Monday the trustees of The Pennsylvania State College were urged to revise their schedule of State appropriations and make that for agriculture $1,000,000 instead of $590,000. The meeting was attended by representatives of the Rural Progress Association, the State Grange, the Federation of Pennsylvania Women, the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture and various other organizations. By some of the trustees doubt was expressed that the Legislature would be willing to appropriate $1,000,000 for any one department. The total amount to be asked for by the college is $1,800,000.

Eight million circulars will be distributed in all parts of the State urging support of the movement to increase the amount to be appropriated for agriculture and give that branch at State College a more conspicuous part than it has ever played before in the history of the institution. Supporters of the movement have been shaping their plans with this end in view for some months and it is entirely probable that the subject will be seconded considerable attention on the floor of both Senate and House before the Legislature adjourns.

The election of the board of trustees resulted as follows: President, ex-Governor James A. Beaver; Vice President, H. Walton Mitchell; Secretary, Dr. E. E. Sparks; and Treasurer, John I. Thompson.

President Beaver, Dr. Sparks, Mr. Mitchell, Milton W. Lowry, Scranton; J. E. Quigley, Pittsburgh; H. B. White, Bloomsburg, and E. S. Bayard, Pittsburgh, were elected to comprise the Executive Committee.

In his annual address President Sparks said that 2446 students had been enrolled, 973 in the agricultural school, 724 in the engineering department, 163 in the chemistry and 98 in the mining departments. The college will complete its appropriation year without going into debt, notwithstanding the fact that during the past year $211,000 of the indebtedness was liquidated.

GARVIN CHIEF CLERK

Re-elected Following Bitter Fight in Legislature Monday Night.

In one of the bitterest fights witnessed in the Legislature in many years, Thomas H. Garvin, of Deleware County, was on Monday night re-elected Chief Clerk. His chief opponent was Berkey Boyd, of Westmoreland County, who had been recommended for the position by the Committee on Committees. The Democrats voted solidly for James I. Blakslee. Garvin was elected on the third ballot, although the first two ballots foretold the final result by revealing the weakness of the divided opposition. The combined vote of the Boyd followers and the Democrats would have defeated Garvin, although had the Democrats not rallied behind Blakslee Garvin probably would have received the support of many on personal grounds alone. He has been Chief Clerk of the House for a number of years and in that capacity made many friends who stood by him when Monday night's fight was waged to defeat him. Garvin was supported by the Penrose-McNichol forces, aided by the Tener administration. Boyd was backed by the Progressives and others loyal to Ex-Senator William Flinn.

The House also overthrew the report of the Committee on Committees, which recommended William P. Young, of Montgomery County, for Resident Clerk. William S. Leib, of Schuylkill County, supported by the same interests back of Garvin, was elected on the fourth ballot. Leib started with 77 votes on the first ballot, and on the fourth he had 104. Willard B. Black, of Cumberland County, was elected Assistant Resident Clerk. It was 1.15 o'clock Tuesday morning when the House finally adjourned.

Conducting Interesting Revival.

Rev. D. J. Frum is conducting a very interesting revival at Pleasant Gap. The services have been under way for several weeks. Thus far there have been a number of conversions, with others in prospect. When the present meetings are concluded Mr. Frum will conduct a revival at Axe Mann.

A Man's World.

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger)

Part of a liberal education ought to be to find out how hard it is to earn a dollar, in the sense of being worth it. What have you got to sell that we want? This s the question sometimes put by the world to one who seeks to make a living. Oftener the question is not asked—the would-be seller has to assert himself, to make his niche, to find his way, to establish his claim. That the world owes every man a living is the silliest denial of the law of the survival of the fittest, the most immoral excuse for laziness. It moves the contempt of any worthy worker who hears it.

The plain truth is, this is a world of give and take, of supply and demand, of pros and cons, of positives and negatives, and we have to meet life on life's own terms, not ours. We have to learn not merely to say no, but to make others say no. We have to learn not merely to say yes, but to make others say yes. We have to bend the will of others to our own will, to convert another's way to our own way. We cannot dwell in peaceful shelter, or be swathed in cotton-wool against the need of first aid to the injured. It is a world wherein blows are dealt, storms assail, failures depress friends betray, plans miscarry, and disease or death invades. There are a very few here and there—a trivial percentage of the whole—insulated by riches from the fear of certain accidents. But even they cannot by any means save themselves from an infinite variety of misery. To have enough to eat, to sleep refreshingly, to be decently clad; to have friends, especially in one's own family; to have a house that does not leak to rain or cold, with pictures on the walls and a little music now and then; to believe that God is not merely in His heaven but upon His earth—how much is there besides all this that one really needs to make him happy? Must you have a larger umbrella jar than somebody else, or a limousine with six cylinders instead of four, or a braided coat with three buttons, or an invitation to a particular ball, to make you happy? These are the unhappinesses people manufacture for themselves when they have nothing big to think about and so must invent little things to worry over, in order to consume the imagined surplus of mental energy. Plutocrat becomes autocrat of the temperature of wines, the correct garb of butlers, the pedigree of spaniels. There is a watting-list of fads. There is sycophancy at the tables of the "great" that would have disgusted Cyrano. What does it all come to? Nothing. What do you get out of it for yourself? Tedium of the flesh and the spirit. You cannot follow the merry-go-round and live a man's life, too. You will drift insensibly into the saponaceous and smiling easy-goer who can be depended upon at afternoon teas and nowhere else. What became of the original man of you? It was decocted into the uninebriating cup, distilled into the delectable aroma of small-talk and mean gossip.

What does the idling, trifling woman, bent only upon personal social conquest and tribute to her vanity, know of a man's world? What does she care whether he wins or loses, so long as the hecatombs burn upon her altars? "I don't want to know anything about your business," said a heartless, frivolous woman who was a wife in name, but not in fact nor by nature. "Why do you worry me with these details? We need at least $37,000 a year, and so long as you get it I'm not interested in how you make it. Let's talk about something more amusing."

So the man goes out, like his tribal ancestor who carried a club, to shout and slay and rend and pillage till evenfall, and if then he brings back sufficient spoils his "mate" is satisfied. What does she do with it? She puts most of it on herself. She converts it into something to wear; she makes fun of the brass rings round the necks of the ladies of Burmah, she ridicules the head-dress of Tehuantepee, but she calls herself civilized. Must the door be closed, in the way she shuts it, between the man's world and that of the woman?

What a restoration, if a man can come home and find one to confide in! That is a very fine place, that man's world he left out there behind him. There were a lot of brave fellows, full of stories of themselves and how they did it, and how they would do it if they were he. Here is one person who thinks he did just right, and yet is brave enough to tell him if she should think that he did wrong. Here is "the comfortness of unsuccess." Here is one as steadfast as Sirius. She may not follow all the tide-tables of your almanac, but she knows when the undertow is dragging you out beyond your depth, and she warns you of the white curl of the billow threatening afar the inundation of the cockle-shell of your valiant piloting. You think you are telling her the news when you are merely confirming her previous knowledge.

But the strength of a man is in doing his work out there where the other men are! he cannot keep office-hours in drawing-room or boudoir and earn much beside contempt for his effeminacy. It is a mistake for any man to "hang around the house" too much. We have domestic pets who satisfy all requirements in that direction—cats and dogs, to say nothing of delightful and helpless babies, chiefly exist for that purpose. The useful occupation of mixer is one that every man should follow. He needs to rub his own idiosyncrasies against contradictory viewpoints. It is not good for him to hear his opinions given back with docility. He must go where he is not a little tin god, and where no love condones those exasperating habits that make the best of men at times intolerable. He must brush off the sachet-powder and go for his own good where he will meet men face to face, on a common level, out there in a man's world.

Didn't Recognize Taft.

William H. Taft, president of the United States, was shocked into the knowledge last Saturday night, when he attended the dinner given in New York by George C. Boldt to Dr. Andrew D. White and the trustees of Cornell, that fame is part of the passing show. He arrived about 7.30, having driven down from the home of his brother, Henry W. Taft, where he spent the night.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Phipps," said the President to Henry C. Phipps' the Pittsburgh millionaire, as he was about to enter the room in the Waldorf apartments, where Mr. Boldt had spread the dinner. "How do you do, I am very glad to see you."

The President of the United States held out his hand and Phipps took it.

"Beg pardon," said he; "beg pardon, your face is familiar, but I don't seem to recall it now."

The crowd about the President was astonished. Some men and women who thronged the doorway looked on the Pittsburgh man in amazement. Then some one nudged him and whispered to him.

He gaped in turn and then the realization of the situation came to him.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. President——"

But the President laughed and the Pittsburgh man in confusion was pushed on into the dining room.

Back From Cell to Bank.

The directors of the German National bank in Pittsburgh have elected W. W. Ramsey president. On March 12, 1910, went to the Western Penitentiary, where he served fourteen months for his connection with graft in Pittsburgh.

Ramsey was president of the German National in 1909. His bank was one of several big financial institutions that sought city deposits when Councilman John Kline from his cell exposed all associated with him in the corruption of the council. Ramsey was among those caught. He was found guilty on February 16, 1909, of solicitation with intent to bribe.

The pardon board gave a pardon to him on May 10, 1911. Shortly thereafter he became a vice president of the Third National bank.

State's Baseball Schedule.

Penn State's baseball schedule for next summer has been completed with the exception of four dates.

The southern trip opens on March 20 with the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. The other dates follow:

March 21, Trinity college, Durham, N. C.

March 22, A. and M. college, West Raleigh, N. C.

March 24 and 25, Washington and Lee, Lexington, Va.

April 23, Princeton, Princeton, N. J.

April 24, Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.

April 25, Lehigh, South Bethlehem.

April 26, West Point, West Point, N. Y.

May 6, Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y.

There are 11 home games scheduled.

April 4 and 5, Colgate.

April 19, Dickinson.

May 10, Ursinus.

May 17, Carnegie Tech.

May 19, Notre Dame.

June 7, University of Pittsburgh.

The open dates are April 12, May 3 and 24 and June 10.

John Donavan Dead.

John Donavan died at his home in Grampian, Wednesday December 25th, 1912 of Brights disease, aged 68 years. Deceased was a native of Ireland, born December 25, 1844, in County Cork, Ireland. He located in Clearfield county when a young man and worked in the coal mines. He was married to Miss Smith, of Snow Shoe, in 1870 and lived in that region many years. The family moved to Grampian about 15 years ago and resided there ever since. Mr. Donavan was an honest, upright, quiet, industrious man, a kind husband, loving father and a good citizen. He is survived by his widow and the following children: James and John, of Brownsville; Leo, of Sand Patch; Thomas, of Bellwood; Mrs. Maurice Coudriet and Mrs. James C. Flanagan, of Clearfield; Mrs. Maurice Long, of Bellwood. The funeral took place from the Grampian Catholic church, Rev. J. J. Fox officiating.

Wanted.

Young man or lady with influence to represent established Florst, in Bellefonte, and State College. Apply by better, "Florst" care this paper. Advt—

Fair Sample.

Mr. Follett and little Edward were sitting meekly in the corner where they had been placed by Mrs. Follett, well out of the way of her evening's work. Little Edward was reading the "History of the Town of Dorby" to his grandfather. He had reached a genealogical labyrinth.

"What does 'paternal grandmother' mean, grandpa?" he inquired, pausing for breath.

"You look up paternal in the dictionary, sonny," said Mr. Follett. And he shoved the book toward his grandson.

"It means 'fatherly,' 'like a father,'" read the boy. "I don't understand that, grandpa."

"Well, now, see here," said Mr. Follett hastily as his wife left the room for a moment, "it's like this, I reckon. The father's the head o' the house so called and the same with a grandfather, but sometimes they're married to a kind of a masterful—well, I guess your grandma's what they'd call a paternal grandmother," Mr. Follett hastily finished as he heard brisk footsteps along the hall. "You get right on with your reading, boy."—Youth's Companion.

A Buoy's Long Voyage.

On Sept. 13, 1911, there was picked up on the beach at Cullivoe, Papastour, in the north of Scotland, a life buoy, battered and stained, bearing the inscription, "Passed by J. Guthrie, San Francisco, Cal., June 1, 1905."

The vessel Stanley Dollar was wrecked off the west coast of Japan in August, 1905, and the buoy, whose history is bound up with that of the ship, must have been floating in the ocean currents for six years until it landed in Scotland. Whether it went around the Horn or through the northwest passage or down by Australasia and around the Cape of Good Hope into the Atlantic will, of course, always remain a matter of doubt and conjecture. This buoy is said to hold the world's record for drifting the longest distance. It was six years on the way from the Pacific ocean to the Atlantic and must have been washed into many a strange port before it was picked up on the Scotch island.—Harper's Weekly.

The Horsehair Trick.

Almost every day illustrations are afforded of the marvelous ingenuity of the modern thief. Recently a couple of rogues nearly succeeded in extracting a valuable tie pin from the cravat of a man sitting between them in a music hall by means of an almost invisible horsehair stretching from the right hand of one thief to the left hand of his accomplice. The thieves by simultaneously raising their hands under the pretense of putting their pipes or cigarettes into their mouths tried, by pulling the horsehair taut, gradually to lift the victim's tie pin from its place. In this particular instance the trick was not successful, but it is often worked with advantage. If the pin falls to the ground unnoticed the thieves take the earliest opportunity of seizing it, or by a skillful manipulation of the horsehair the article may be made to slide down the almost invisible line right into the hand of one of the thieves.—London Tit-Bits.

Too Much Culture.

"Aunt Penelope Wiggins," as every body called her, was visited one summer by a niece, a Vassar college graduate. Aunt Penelope was one of the most hospitable souls alive, but she was not greatly impressed by the superior learning of her young relative, and one day she freed her mind about her thus:

"Talk to me about what a college education does for a girl! What do you suppose Matilda said to me the first day she came? She said: 'I'm so glad to meet you, aunty! You accent your name on the Aunty Penultimate, don't you?' Did you ever hear such nonsense? I had to tell her my name wasn't Aunty Penultimate, but Aunty Penelope, and I thought she would die a-laughing!"

The Misfit Accoutrement.

A recently appointed second lieutenant in the army on his first public appearance at one of the president's receptions had some difficulty with his sword and tripped over it several times while he was in line, says an exchange. It got between his legs and dangled about in a most perplexing way. "Young man," said a military official in a most kindly manner, "that thing you are wearing is a sword, not a hurdle."—Denver Republican.

Cautious Judge.

"Judge, why did you adjourn court for five minutes just now?"

"I felt that I had to sneeze."

"Yes?"

"And I feared if I sneezed on the bench the lawyers would make that the basis of a demand for a new trial."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quite In Harmony.

First Doctor—Had a couple of rather odd patients this morning. Second Doctor—Indeed! Who were they? First Doctor—One of them was a beekeeper with the hives and the other a grass widow with the hay fever.—Boston Transcript.

The Result.

"Did the trip of the young heiress to Europe to secure a title in the matrimonial market succeed?"

"Yes, though, strange to say, it was a baron result."—Baltimore American.

Just Shopping.

Tired Clerk (over piled up counter)—Can I show you anything else, madam? Customer—Yes; the nearest way out.—Boston Transcript.

You cannot retrace crooked steps. The path of reform is straight.

PARDON FOR BRANDT

Governor Sulzer, of New York, Liberates Man in Strange Case.

No convicted criminal was ever pardoned under more unusual or dramatic circumstances than was Foulke E. Brandt, when Governor Sulzer, of New York, last Friday afternoon freed the former valet of Mortimer L. Schiff, the New York banker, on the ground that Brandt's sentence of 30 years for burglary was excessive, at the same time binding Brandt to preserve the mystery of the episode which sent him to prison, not to accept a theatrical engagement or reflect on the character of anyone.

As he left the executive office with United States Senator Knute Nelson, who is to give him a new start in life, 214 men and 11 women applauded the verdict of the Governor and cheered Brandt.

A striking feature of the pardon was the fact that Brandt recanted all his previous declarations—some involving a woman—on which he had appealed for pardon, while at the request of Governor Sulzer, Attorney General Carmody made a statement in which he said he favored Brandt's pardon, "not as a matter of mercy, but as a matter of justice." He criticised the procedure through which Brandt was tried and sentenced.

Carmody declared that the Governor's action wiped out a "blot on the judiciary of the State," and showed "that there is nothing that can defeat the ends of justice."

United States Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, also made a speech in which he characterized Brandt's sentence as judicial tyranny.

The Governor explained that Brandt had promised to lead a better life if released from prison, and added that Schiff had declared he would not oppose Brandt's application for clemency unless it was based on "scandalous and malicious statement."

Earlier in the day Senator Nelson had conferred with the Governor in Brandt's behalf and Brandt's counsel had presented petitions from 42 State and national Swedish societies urging Brandt's release.

Senator Nelson volunteered to take Brandt to Minnesota and, at the suggestion of the Governor, Brandt accepted the offer. He plans to accompany the Senator to Washington before leaving for the West, where, among people of his own nationality, and with the assistance of Senator Nelson, he says he will endeavor to carry out Governor Sulzer's admonition to "redeem yourself and start life anew."

The pardon of Brandt was granted as "an act of substantial justice" by the Governor and not because of his innocence. Governor Sulzer made plain this fact when he took up an application made by Brandt at the executive offices.

In this latest application, which supercedes all former appeals to the Governor for executive clemency, Brandt admitted that he had lied in his former applications for a pardon, that he was guilty of the charge upon which he was sentenced for 30 years in Dannemora, six of which he had already served.

Brandt's confession of guilt and admission of falsehood in dragging in the name of a woman was complete and humiliating. Further than this, he subscribed to the conditions imposed by the Governor, that he refrain from making capital of the extraordinary incidents marking his career as a valet in the Schiff house and as a convict at Dannemora by not appearing upon the vaudeville stage or by writing of or lecturing concerning them.

Standing within five feet of the Governor, the tall, spare convict, with long, lean face, weak, "pretty" mouth, pointed chin betokening indecision, and shiftless gray eyes, admitted his guilt, his subsequent slanders against a woman to save himself and subscribed to all the conditions imposed by the Governor under penalty of being returned to prison.

First Child Welfare Work.

Johnstown has been chosen as the first city in the United States in which the recently created Bureau of Child Welfare of the Federal Department of Commerce and Labor will undertake the study of conditions surrounding infant life and mortality.

The work of the bureau was started last here today at the Department of Health, Pennsylvania having been selected because of its careful registration of births and deaths.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It relieves tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet, and makes walking easy. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Over 30,000 testimonials. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

METEOR FALLS IN FIELD

Huge Mass of Iron Drops Near Farmer's Home During Saturday's Storm.

A 2,000-pound meteor shrieked across the sky Saturday afternoon, in the teeth of the 60-mile gale. It narrowly missed a house and buried itself, with a roar of steam, in a field three miles from Etna, nearby Pittsburgh.

A. P. Bailiff's farm parallels the Middle Road, three miles back of Etna, close to the Baltimore and Ohio tracks. The wind was wailing across the fields. The Bailiff family clustered at windows to watch the play of the storm.

Miss Rebecca Bailiff, the 18-year-old daughter of the house, was watching at the kitchen door. She was turning again to her work, when out of the west rose a weird, high-pitched scream, and the girl's face turned white.

Before she could turn, a dull object flashed out of the sky and buried itself, with a cloud of steam, a bare hundred yards away. The girl watched for a moment, and, panic-stricken, ran to her father, in the front part of the house.

Bailiff was skeptical, although he heard the noise. His daughter urged him to investigate and the farmer went out and found a meteor, larger than a farm wagon, half-buried in the wet soil. The mass was too hot to touch and the ground for yards around had been shaken into a jelly by the impact, and baked by the heat.

It looked like a great chunk of rusty iron, and the ground where it struck had been excavated like a pit. The meteor itself lay half buried, and 24 hours later it was still too hot to touch.

Bailiff made an examination of the wanderer and then went to the home of some neighbors and invited them over to see it. They chipped some pieces, Bailiff says, and the specimens show every indication of meteoric origin.

So hard was the impact that the ground for some distance around was cracked by the jar. The spot where it fell is not far from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the mass was coming toward the earth with sufficient force to have completely demolished an entire train.

Bailiff's house was still closer. Had it struck the house the whole structure would have been kindling wood, and possibly all the family killed outright.

Prof. Frank Schlesinger, director of the Allegheny Observatory, was asked about the Etna meteor.

"If it is a real meteor," he remarked, "the Etna farmer need not worry about his financial affairs for the rest of his life. A real meteor is almost worth its weight in silver, and if the one reported weighs as much as a ton it is really very valuable."

IDEAL AGE TO MARRY

Thirty Timid, Fourty Dangerous and Twenty Ageless Age.

Twenty-five is the scientifically ideal age to marry, according to Prof. Dallas L. Sharpe, of Boston University. Said he: "There is nothing particularly God-fearing or discreet or reverent about 30. Thirty is the timid age. Fourty is the dangerous age. Twenty is the ageless age. Twenty is the silly, milky, tassled age, when a boy is still liable to be croupy and to need castor oil and his mother.

"Thirty may be a fair age, but the world will never keep populated at that gait. I am inclined to put the ideal time at 25."

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens, stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.—Advt.

The Largest of Their Kinds.

The greatest bank in the world is the Bank of England; the largest library is the National in Paris, containing nearly 3,000,000 volumes; the largest theater is the Paris Opera House, covering three acres; the largest bronze statue is that of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, weighing 1,100 tons; the biggest stone statue is in Japan, forty-four feet high; the largest college is in Cairo, with over 10,000 students and 310 teachers.

Cheerfulness.

If a person determines early in life that a cheerful disposition is worth having and strives to obtain it and does so that person is a success in a fine sense of the word.

Your real influence is measured by your treatment of yourself.—Alcott.

Skin On Fire.

Just the mild, simple wash, the well known D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema and the itch is gone.

A trial will prove it.

We have sold other remedies for skin trouble but none that we could guarantee as we can the D.D.D. remedy. If the first regular size $1.00 bottle does not do exactly as we say, it will not cost you a cent.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!

I Will Prove It To You At My Expense.

YOU WHO ARE SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF ECZEMA, WHOSE DAYS ARE MISERABLE, WHOSE NIGHTS ARE MADE SLEEPLESS BY THE TERRIBLE ITCHING, BURNING PAINS, LET ME SEND YOU A FREE TRIAL OF THE TREATMENT WHICH HAS CURED HUNDREDS WHICH I BELIEVE WILL CURE YOU. I WILL SEND IT FREE, POSTAGE PAID, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART. JUST WRITE ME A LETTER, OR SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD. I WILL SEND THE TREATMENT FREE OF COST TO YOU.

J. C. HUTZELL, 115 W. Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WORDS WE DAILY BUTCHER

Common Errors in Pronunciation Corrected by Book Compiler.

Are either and neither pronounced "eether" and "neether" or "eyether" and "neyther?" This question, much disputed, is answered in favor of "eether" and "neether" by Julian W. Abernathy in a useful little book entitled "Correct Pronunciation," says the Kansas City Star. Not a single modern dictionary gives "eyether" the preference, says the little book, and goes on to quote Richard Grant White, who says "eyether" is an affectation and a second rate British affectation at that. Which should hold the "eyether" advocates a while.

And now about the word vase. It's pronounced "vace" whether it comes from the ten-cent store or Tiffany's. "Vaze" is wrong, says the book, and "vawz" is vulgar. Another tally for us old-fashioned folks.

Perhaps you've been confused by hearing talk about "rice" and finding out afterward that they meant the noun "rise." Well, they were wrong, too. A straw vote of the best modern dictionaries hands the preference to "rise" as the proper pronunciation.

Another word that is frequently mispronounced is depot. It should be "deepo," not deppo" or daypo."

Our old friend Jean Valjean, of course, is properly "Zahn Valzhan," and the great State of Kansas is pronounced as though the first s were a z. The folks who insist on making it soft are all to the bad.

J. Pierpont Morgan is a "finnanseer," not a "fynanseer."

The Renaissance is pronounced "renasans," accent on the last syllable, not Renaysans, and Salome gets her last syllable pronounced.

Poets are filled with the divine "afflaytus," not the divine "afflaatus."

The ruler of Japan is the Mikado, with the accent on the second syllable, as all serious minded students of Gilbert and Sullivan know, and never the mickadoo.

Gibberish is pronounced with a hard g, and not "jibberish," and the word flaccid is "flaksid," not "flasid."

Amateur is "amatur, not "amatoor" or "amechoor."

The Antipodes—Australia, you know—is pronounced "antipodeez."

When the wind soughs through the branches it "sows"; never "suffs."

A faucet is a "fawset," not a fasset."

These are only a few examples. The book contains two thousand words which are commonly mispronounced, and eight hundred proper names, which are frequently improperly spoken. A little study of it will enable you to bowl out almost any of your friends frequently, besides tending to improve your own vocabulary.

"Careless and slipshod enunciation among presumably cultivated people," the author says, "is probably more common in the United States than in any other country in the world. A Frenchman is proud of his speech and treats it as a fine art, while an American regards his speech with indifference or contempt."

May Get Leave of Absence.

A joint resolution has been introduced in Congress by Representative Taggart, of Kansas, to give all employes of the United States, except those in the naval or military service, who served in the federal or confederate army during the Civil war, thirty days' leave of absence on pay, beginning June 13, 1913, to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg.

Wanted.

In car load lots one million feet white pine in 4 quarter, 5 quarter, quarter, and thicker. Address,

LUMBERMAN

11-27-4t. Lock Haven, Pa.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

For sale at C. M Parrish, druggist..

My Friend Pat

A Story of Colorado and the Emerald Isle

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

When I was prospecting in the gold fields of Colorado and had made what I believed to be a strike I put some gold dust in one pocket for expenses and specimens for assay in the other, and started on foot down the mountain for Denver. On the way I fell in with a young Irishman, very ragged, with a bundle tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief and a short pipe in his mouth, at which he was pulling lustily.

"Good mornin' to you," he said cheerily.

"Good morning, Pat," I replied.

"How did you know my name was Pat?" he asked.

"By your brogue."

"Is it very broad?"

"No; but broad enough to give you away as a resident of the Emerald isle."

"Northern Irish, is it?"

"I suppose so. What are you doing out in this country?"

"Oh, I came to dig for a fortune."

"And having made it you're going back home to enjoy it?"

"What made you think I've made my fortune?"

"Oh, by your eminently respectable appearance."

"Well, now, that's lucky!"

"Why so?"

"Because I'm sadly in need of a loan, and since I've made a fortune it'll be safe for you to favor me."

I laughed at the Irish wit, and the way the young man had caught me in a trap. I was feeling somewhat set up, for I believed I had struck a fortune myself. Besides we gold seekers in those days were prone to help one another.

"How much do you want?"

"Enough to take me to Ireland—a matter of $100."

"I can't do that much for you, but I might spare $50 to get you to New York. Couldn't you make up the rest in some other way?"

"Half a loaf is better than none."

We went on to Denver together, and I was greatly amused by his humor and an original way he had of viewing things. I sold my mine for enough to make me independent for life and got a few hundred dollars for a first payment. By this time I had become so friendly with my traveling companion that I advanced him the whole sum needed to take him to Ireland. I believed he had made the failure nearly all gold hunters make, and since I had been one of the few fortunate ones I was ready to give him a tiny bit from my bonanza.

"Where'll I send it?" he asked.

"You needn't send it at all. As soon as I get that deal closed out I'm going to Europe, and I'll see you there."

"Well, you'll find me on the estate of the Earl of Ballygarach. At any rate, inquire there for me."

"A tenant of his?"

"No."

"What's your place there?"

He hesitated, and it seemed to me he was trying to invent a reply, so I gave him a shake of the hand and said goodby. I felt sure I was making a loan that would never be repaid, but I'd had to invent stories myself about my hole in the ground in order to obtain means to keep on digging, and I wouldn't have thanked any one to question me too closely. As I turned away from him I saw a peculiar look in his eye.

"Why do you look at me in that way, Pat?" I asked. I had always called him Pat, though his name was John Curran.

"I can't make out why you're lending me this money. Unless you give me your address, that I may return it, or your promise to see me in Ireland I refuse to take it."

"All right; you have my promise to see you in Ireland."

"Don't you go back on me by not coming," he added, and we parted.

The sale of my hole in the ground was conditional, and some months elasped before the purchasers had satisfied themselves that the property was what I claimed for it. Then, after all, I was obliged to take a good deal of the stock in the company that was formed in part payment, but this didn't trouble me, for I had great confidence in the value of the mine. Indeed, my stock eventually became many times more valuable than the cash payment. It was a year after the sale before I found myself independent to do what I liked, and I set off on a tour around the world. My course was eastward and took in England as my first landing place. I had always a desire to visit Ireland and, after seeing England to my heart's content, crossed the Irish channel. But I regretted feeling obliged to hunt up my debtor. I didn't need the money I had loaned him, and I didn't believe he would be in condition to pay it. To tell the truth, I had no idea I would find him on the estate of the Earl of Ballygarach or that I would find him at all. This opinion was not based on the belief that he was dishonest, for he had an expression that invited confidence, but on the fact that necessity knows no law, and his necessities had probably forced him to invent all he had told me.

After visiting the principal cities in southern Ireland I worked my way northward and one day brought up at a little town near the estate of the Earl of Ballygarach. I rode out to the place in an Irish two wheeled cart and, stopping at the manor house, asked the butler if he could tell me of a man on the estate of the name of John Curran, who about a year before had returned to Ireland from America. The servant gave me a blank stare, then led me into a reception room, invited me to be seated and went away.

Presently he returned and said that the earl was not at home and he was the only one who could give me the information. Milady desired that I should make myself at home—in the library if I liked—till his lordship's return. Since I was not averse to nosing among books I assented.

An hour passed in this way, when the butler entered and said that luncheon would soon be ready and asked if I would like to go to my room. Though I didn't like such trespassing, I was not averse to being entertained by an earl and his lady, so I followed the man upstairs. What was my astonishment on entering the room assigned me to see my baggage there.

"How did this come here?" I asked.

"Milady sent to the inn for it, sir."

I brushed up a bit and went downstairs again. The butler announced luncheon and led me into the dining room. I was received there by a very pretty young woman, who said to me:

"My husband will not return for an hour or two, and, since he does not like to have any one who calls during his absence turned away, I have taken it upon myself to make you at home. He is very fond of Americans and would never forgive me if I let one of them go away without some entertainment."

I protested that I had only called to learn of the whereabouts of one John Curran, whom I had met in Colorado, and the lady replied that the earl would give me any information in his possession on his return. She entertained me delightfully at luncheon, doing everything in her power to make me feel that I was welcome. Her voice was sweet and sounded still sweeter from the rich brogue of an Irish lady. She expressed great interest in America and kept me telling her of the country, the people and our customs. Just as we were about to rise from the table there was a sound of wheels without, the front door was thrown open, and a man stalked into the dining room.

Great heavens, he was Pat!

The moment he saw me he advanced and, grasping my hand, gave it a vigorous shake, saying:

"You've come at last, have you? I vowed that if you didn't come soon I'd go back to America to find you." Then, turning to the lady, he added:

"This is the gentleman I've been looking for."

"I supposed he was when he asked for John Curran, who had come from America a year ago."

"Well, I'm John Curran meself," added the host, "and I was Earl of Ballygarach when we were trudging together in Colorado, though I didn't know it. When I went out there were three lives between me and the title, but two of them had died, and I had heard that the third, my uncle, was very ill. I was trying to get home, but I didn't know what I should find here. I might find an estate waiting for me, and I might not be able to repay your loan; but, by Jove, old man, that was a queer thing for you to do—letting me have that money to get home with."

I said something about his honest countenance, but my conscience was not clear, and I didn't help the matter much. So I made light of the whole matter, mentioning the spirit that animated men who lived in new countries, their disposition to help one another, their respect for the softer sex and their harshness with anything unmanly. Lady Ballygarach was much interested in this account of a people she had never mingled with, though I fancied that it was because her husband had been one of them.

The earl then asked where I had put up, saying that he must send at once for my luggage, but his wife informed him that she had sent for it, whereupon he commended her highly and declared she was a trump.

The earl kept me a guest several weeks, during which he entertained me royally. He told me that he was a younger son in another branch of the family; that his father wished him to enter the army, but, having no fortune and being in love with the girl who was now his wife, he had preferred to go to America to seek his fortune. While away his father and his older brother had died, and his uncle, the earl, a bachelor, had fallen ill. The death of his father and brother had left him with no one to call upon for funds, and, as he had before told me, his uncle would not have helped him if he had asked for help.

I confess the change in him was so great from when I had known him in the gold diggings that it seemed strange to address him by his title. I was struggling to get it out and had advanced as far as Lord Ballygar— when he broke in upon me:

"Never mind that. Call me Pat. I became so far Americanized while in your country that these flourishes on a man's name sound rediculous."

"Do you object to your title, Lady Ballygarach?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it," her husband replied for her. "What woman would?"

During the rest of my visit I called the earl Pat.

I became so fond of Pat that I found it difficult to tear myself away from him. He had had just the experience to make a man of him.

When I left him it was with the promise that he would return my visit in the land where we had both been poor. He did so, and my success as a miner enabled me to return his hospitality in kind in my own home.

Notions as to "Lost Arts."

Current tradition credits the ancients with many "lost arts." It is still common to hear people say that means unknown to us must have been employed to erect the pyramids, that the Damascus blade is beyond the power of modern cutlers and that the art of hardening copper died with some little brown Aztec.

In point of fact, larger stones than any found in the pyramids have been quarried in Maine, carried across the sea and erected in buildings in England and France. If any one cared to pay the cost there are plenty of contractors who would build a replica of the largest pyramid and would not take so very long about it.

It is doubtful whether a "Damascus blade" will stand as much as a good modern hand saw or the spring of a cheap clock.

Copper can be hardened by modern methods to equal any specimen that has been left to us by the ancients. Many arts that are supposed to be lost are simply abandoned because there is no modern need of cultivating them, and others are not even abandoned, but employed every day and improved upon.—New York Tribune.

Old English Press Gangs.

In the past the news of a shortage of men in the navy and the hint of action by the admiralty would have put the merchantman on guard. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, for instance, there was a call for sailors for the navy, and "persuasion" was the rule. "The press in the Thames for the last three days has been very severe. Five or six hundred seamen have been laid hold of." Thus runs one of many entries in the papers of the period. It was not always peaceful "pressing," as this item in the Times of 1795 will prove: "There was a very hot press on the river Friday night last, when several hundred able seamen were procured. One of the gangs in boarding a Liverpool trader was resisted by the crew, when a desperate affray took place, in which many of the former were thrown overboard, and a lieutenant who boarded them was killed by a shot from the vessel."—London Chronicle.

A Bit of Kitchener's Tact.

The Egyptian Bedouin is not compelled to pay taxes or to render the ordinary obligations of citizenship, which in Egypt includes military service. Soon after the outbreak of the war between Turkey and Italy a delegation of Bedouins approached General Kitchener and told him that they wanted to go across the border to the assistance of their hard pressed fellows in Tripoli. The English general admitted with unexpected readiness that their request was reasonable, but he reminded them that by granting it he would be creating a precedent which would make them liable for military service with the Egyptian army.

The delegation withdrew, and Kitchener was not troubled any more with requests for leave to cross the border.

Scotsmen and Funerals.

Englishmen, says Ian Maclaren in "Books and Bookmen," bear themselves well at marriages, where Scotsmen are at a disadvantage because the cautious Scotch eye is focused upon an uncertain future. But the Scotsman shines at a funeral as one of the luxuries of life:

"Peter," says one mourner to his neighbor at the tail of a walking funeral, "div ye see Jamie Thompson walking in the front side by side wi' the chief mourner and him no a drop o' blood to the corpse?"

"Fine I see him, a forward, upsettin', ambeetious body. He would be inside the hearse if he could"—the most awful and therefore most enviable position for a sober minded Scot.

The House of Romanoff.

The house of Romanoff passed out of existence with the death of its last survivor, Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, who was succeeded as ruler of Russia by her nephew, Peter of Oldenburg, duke of Holstein-Gottorp, son of her younger sister, Grand Duchess Ann. It is from this czar, who reigned as Peter III., that the whole of the reigning house of Russia are descended, and they are, therefore, not Romanoffs, but Oldenburgs.

Paid Her a Compliment.

Dr. Johnson never had a reputation for paying compliments, but it is related that once when Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, called on him in Bolt court and the servant did not readily bring her a chair he said, "You see, madam, wherever you go there are not seats to be had!"

The Two Sides.

"There are two sides to every argument," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the gloomy person, "but it makes a difference which side you choose. There are two sides to a piece of fly paper."—Washington Star.

Nicely Fitting.

"It was a very appropriate birthday present our young friend, the lawyer, got, wasn't it?"

"What was the present?"

"A new suit."—Exchange.

Reticence.

Cautiously avoid talking of the domestic affairs of yourself or of other people. Yours are nothing to them but tedious gossip. Theirs are nothing to you.—Lord Chesterfield.

Yes.

Whenever you find a man who is a failure you will also find a patient little woman making his excuses to the world.—New Orleans Picayune.

Monte Carlo Robbers.

"They are greater robbers at Monte Carlo," said a traveler, speaking of high charges, "than anywhere in the world. The German tourist is sneered at in Monte Carlo because when he enters a barber shop he always asks what the charge is to be before he sits down in the chair. But what is a man to do in barber shops, where it is no uncommon thing to be charged $2 or $3 for the simplest operation?

"And it's the same thing in the hotels. I know a man who took a suit at a Monte Carlo hotel without asking the price of anything—and in the restaurants of such hotels it's a common thing to find no prices even on the menus. Well, when this man came to pay his bill it was enormous. But he paid it. Then he said:

"'Have you any twenty-five centime stamps?'

"'Yes, monsieur,' said the clerk. 'How many do you wish?'

"My friend smiled blandly.

"'Tell me first, please,' he said, 'what you charge for them here?'"—Exchange.

A Wonderful Gun.

Since the introduction of gunpowder as a propellant and the general use of firearms in warfare and hunting there has been a more or less insistent demand for mechanisms that would give the soldier or hunter a number of shots at his command without reloading and enable them to be rapidly discharged. The first patent for a firearm of this description seems to have been issued by the British patent office in 1718 to James Puckle, a citizen of London, for a gun mounted upon a tripod, having a single barrel and a revolving cylinder. Strangely enough, one of the claims set forth in this patent appears almost verbatim 135 years later in a patent taken out by Rollin White, an American inventor of a revolving pistol. Another curious claim of the patent was: "The mechanism permits the use of square bullets against the Turk and round bullets against Christians. Moreover, so great is the rapidity of fire that ships armed with the gun cannot be boarded by any attacking force."—S. J. Fort in Outing.

The Unicorn.

The unicorn was one of the fabled monsters of antiquity. It was, according to a summary of the opinions of several of the old time writers, a beast about the size of a common horse, but with very short legs. The people of the middle ages believed in the existence of three kinds of unicorns—the magnificent white unicorn, which had a purple face and blue eyes and a single horn a yard in length; the eglisserion, which resembled a gigantic deer and had a very sharp horn growing from the middle of the forehead, and the monoceros, or common unicorn. The white unicorn's horn was of three different colors—white at the lower part, black as ebony in the middle and red at the point. Common unicorns were said to have had horns about eighteen inches in length, but so strong that they could easily kill an elephant.

"Man of Straw."

The phrase "a man of straw" had its origin in England at a time when men might easily be procured to furnish evidence upon oath in almost any emergency. It appears that persons of this description were accustomed to walk openly in Westminster hall with a straw projecting from their shoes, thus signifying that they sought employment as witnesses; hence the expression.

An advocate who desired a convenient witness knew by this sign where to find one, and the colloquy between the two was brief.

"Don't you remember?" the advocate would ask. The party would glance at the fee and give no sign, but when the fee was increased his powers of memory increased with it, and straw shoes went into court and swore as desired.—Boston Herald.

Hopelessly Tangled.

Professor Thinkitout was about to be married and had just received an invitation to his own wedding, which he had absentmindedly mailed to himself.

"Well, well," he mused, "what does this mean? My fiancee's name on a wedding invitation! The faithless hussy! And great Logarithms! There's my name on it too. Either she's untrue or I'm about to be a bigamist."—Exchange.

Testing His Love.

"Has he ever tried to tell how much he loves you?"

"Frequently, but I am going to get some inside information this afternoon."

"How?"

"I am going to take my engagement ring to the jeweler."—Houston Post.

Probing the Jury.

Judge (to jury)—Have you agreed upon a verdict? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty of theft, as charged in the indictment? Foreman—We have not yet reached a verdict, your honor. I missed my pocketbook in the night, and I would respectfully ask that each juror be searched.

Naturally.

"The prima donna we heard yesterday has a voice of velvet."

"Of course. That's where she gets her pile."—Baltimore American.

Cruel Hint.

Mabel—George thinks I am so easy to please. Gladys—He must think so after all the rest of us had turned him down.—Baltimore American.

He who laughs last is an Englishman.—Princeton Tiger.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

A Story of the Balkan War

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the war between the Balkan states and the Turks broke out it placed Arthur Andrews, an American living in Servia, in a condition calculated to drive him mad. A few years before, having come of age and inheriting a fortune, he went abroad to travel for pleasure. The Balkan peninsula attracted him owing to its rugged scenery, the gay costumes of its people and its general oriental appearance.

The inhabitants of Turkey in Europe are a mixture of the white and Turkish races, Christians and Mohammedans. Andrews was at an impressible, reckless age, an age to fall violently in love and, being in love, not to consider the consequences of an ill assorted marriage. A young Turkish girl to whom he was introduced carried him clean off his feet, and he became so violently in love with her that, throwing caution to the winds, he begged her to marry him.

The lady, Zaide, the daughter of a pasha, born in the highest Turkish circles, did not consider Andrews her social equal, but her heart was enlisted as well as his own, and she consented that he should ask her father for her hand. The pasha, being an admirer of western civilization, looked favorably on his suit and at last consented, provided he would embrace the faith of Islam. The young man declared that he would embrace any faith on the face of the globe if he might be permitted to embrace the pasha's daughter. The marriage was celebrated, and the groom, realizing that his and his wife's religion would be out of place in America, remained in Turkey.

Andrews' Mohammedism, being skin deep, wore off with the first freshness of love. Indeed, the more he saw of the Turks the deeper he sympathized with those who would be glad to see the crescent driven back into Asia, from which it had emerged many centuries before to make its European conquests. Born a Christian, it galled him that the Turks should occupy Christian ground, that their capital should have been founded by the first Christian Roman emperor or that the church of St. Sophia should be a mosque.

When the Montenegrins, in order to forestall an order from the powers, broke, sword in hand, into Turkish territory and Servia was preparing to do her part in the war, a crisis came in the affairs of Andrews and his wife. Her father was not only devoted to the cause of Islam, but was an officer high in the service of the sultan. The young wife declared that she would stand by her father, her countrymen and her religion. Andrews asserted that he would join the Servian forces and aid in banishing the crescent to Asia, where it belonged. They parted, though their hearts were welded, agreeing that after the struggle they would fly again to each other.

During those first few weeks when the allied forces were winning victory after victory and driving their enemy before them there were some temporary setbacks to the allies. In one of these Andrews, who commanded a squadron of cavalry in the Servian army, was wounded and captured. He and those taken with him were hurried to the rear to a reserve corps, which it happened was under the command of Rustom Pasha, his father-in-law.

Zaide, who was a woman of strong character, had while living with her husband become much interested in many European institutions, among others the Red Cross. She had no sooner joined her father than she proceeded to organize a similar corps as an auxiliary to her father's command. One day upon passing hurriedly down between two rows of cots in a hospital her eye fell upon a face which notwithstanding its pallor she recognized at once as her husband. She was about to fly to his embrace when the horror of the situation rushed upon her. Andrews had professed to be a disciple of Mohammed and had drawn his sword against the prophet. So long as he was unrecognized as a Mohammedan he would be treated as a prisoner of war, but if he were known to be or have been of the faith nothing could save him.

The glances of the two met, and this same thought occurred to both. There was a momentary lighting of each pair of eyes. Then the wife withdrew hers, and she passed on down the aisle and left the room.

The hospital, though in the Turkish rear, was not considered permanent, for the allies were pressing forward, fighting like tigers. But for one day and night the sick were undisturbed. During the evening Mrs. Andrews, though worn out with the distressing work of the day, went in among the sick, ostensibly to cheer them, but really to steal a brief interview with her husband. Taking the precaution to stop and speak with a number of sufferers before reaching the bed he occupied, she at last came to his and said in the Turkish tongue and a voice loud enough to be heard:

"Are you badly wounded, sir?"

"Only slightly," was the reassuring reply.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. During the night I am feverish and troubled with a burning thirst. If you can send about midnight some water I shall be grateful."

"I will send it tonight."

She passed on, but both understood that an excuse had been given her to communicate with him at an hour when few were about and possibly to have an interview with him unnoticed.

At midnight she brought the water herself. Only one nurse was on duty, and she sat at a far end of the room half asleep. Unobserved, the wife knelt to give her husband a cup of water, and their lips met.

"You will be discovered surely," she whispered. "Indeed, you have been suspected already. One of the nurses has asked me if you were not a Mohammedan, saying that she has seen you at your devotions in a mosque. I told her that I would look into the matter at once. You must leave here at any cost."

"Not if my escape shall compromise you."

"I have thought of a plan. As soon as it is day begin to groan as if in great pain and keep it up until I appear. I shall then direct your removal to a place where you will not disturb your fellow prisoners. Once there, we may carry out my intentions as to your escape."

Without waiting for a reply she hurried away, leaving her husband fearful of the consequences that would accrue to her in case she were caught assisting in the escape of a renegade Mohammedan.

However, he could see no risk in carrying out so much of her plan as she had given him, and with the first sign of dawn he began a groaning so loud that the nurse in charge reported the fact that it was having a bad effect on the other patients. Zaide at once ordered him taken to a room by himself and remained to look after his necessities after those who had removed him had left and told him the balance of her plan for him. It was that he should put on her clothes and since Turkish ladies do not expose the face there would be little difficulty in his walking out past the guards without being detected.

"And you?" exclaimed the husband. "How will you protect yourself against the terrible fate that will come to you when it is discovered that you are here and I have walked out in your clothes? Though your father commands, he will not be able to save you from the fury of your people."

"I have a chance of deceiving them; you have none."

At that moment there came the distant boom of a gun. It was followed by another and another till the whole became like low muttering thunder.

"The allies are pressing forward," exclaimed Andrews. "Quite likely before long they will have driven their enemy from this position."

"In that case," was the reply, "there will be great confusion among us, and it will not be so difficult to carry out my plan."

During the morning the booming grew more distinct, and added volleys of musketry at last turned the whole into one incessant roar. Zaide was occupied every moment in providing for the wounded that were constantly being brought in and could not steal a moment to visit her husband. Then came an order to abandon the hospital, while the thunder of war without turned comparative order into panic.

What became of the prisoners, excepting Andrews, forms no part of this story, but in the midst of the turmoil Zaide hurried into her husband's room with a nurse's apparel—there were no uniforms—with spots of blood on it. She had removed it from its wearer, who had been killed by a bursting shell. Giving it to her husband, he put it on, and the two sallied forth.

The Turkish line in front was breaking before the impetuous charge of the allies, and panic stricken men were running past, while random shots were whistling by Andrews and his wife. He begged Zaide to make toward the enemy's lines, but she refused.

"Go," she said, "to your people. You are saved, and I will not be suspected of having aided you. I must stand by my father and my faith, else I can no longer live in the home of my ancestors."

They were standing, loath to let go each other's hands, Andrews pulling one way, Zaide the other, when she was struck by a spent ball and stunned, falling into her husband's arms. He, thinking that she was dead, with a cry of anguish, laid her on the ground. She had scarcely recovered consciousness when with a shout a regiment of Servians came bounding past them and they were inclosed within the allied lines.

The transposition from being under the cross instead of the crescent put an entirely new phase in the situation for this loving couple. Both were safe for the present, and should Zaide return to her own people there was no reason to suppose that her having favored a renegade to the cause of Islam would be known. She very soon recovered from the blow she had received and asked to be permitted to return to her work. Andrews made a confidant of his commander and asked him to delay the permission.

While waiting the husband made a strong effort to persuade his wife to adopt the Christian injunction to leave her people and cleave unto her husband. He offered to withdraw from the cause of the allies if she would do the same with that of the Turks. They would go to his own home in America, where Zaide would become one of his own people. After all, the part of a wife, common in most countries, to enter upon her husband's condition prevailed, and Zaide finally agreed to his terms. The allies were besieging Constantinople, and there was little of Islam in Europe left to detain her. Together the two set sail for the land of all religions.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 23, 1913

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TIMELY WARNING.

The attention of the borough Council was on Monday evening called to a matter of vital importance. Representing the Undine Fire Company, P. H. Gherrity explained the growing difficulty of the local firemen in securing horses to haul their engines in times of fires. The matter is one not entirely unknown to many persons in Bellefonte. Thus far, however, it has been allowed to drift along unheeded. This has been due not so much to indifference on the part of Council as to the financial condition of the borough. It is well that the matter has at last come to a head. Further delay might be attended with serious consequences.

For the present the Undines contemplate purchasing several horses. Council has authorized its representatives to hire these horses when needed for borough work on the streets, etc. If the revenue from such service enables the Undines to continue the plan it will be continued; otherwise they will abandon it. The members are neither able, nor should they be expected, to bear the cost of maintaining several horses. Their funds are limited. In their volunteer services both Undines and Logans render free a service which is paid for in the cities and larger towns.

Our steam fire engines are of the greatest value when promptly taken to the scene of conflagrations. Unless they can be hauled to the scene of fires they might just as well be thousands of miles distant. The most effective fire fighting is that done at the earliest moment possible after the blaze is discovered. Delay, especially in the hours of the night, is usually attended with the greatest damage to property.

It may be that in the end the borough will find it necessary to purchase one or two teams for fire service. The plan adopted by the Undines, with the cooperation of Council, may work out satisfactorily. Time alone will tell. Meanwhile it would be well for Council to give to the matter the consideration and study that will enable prompt action should it be found necessary for the borough to purchase horses. The plan now to be tried is already in operation in Sunbury and a number of other towns. It has been found to be satisfactory in other places and possibly will prove to be so here. It all depends on how much outside work is provided to defray the cost of keeping the Undine horses.

AMAZING STUPIDITY.

We have just witnessed the adoption at Harrisburg of a needed reform in the manner of selecting the several committees of the House and Senate. The power to appoint these committees was taken from the Speaker of the House and the President protem of the Senate and vested in a Committee on Committees of each branch of the Legislature. If the raw deal handed to Centre County's Representative in the House is any criterion the much-needed reform has been launched along the silliest kind of lines.

In Centre County today we have a number of the largest institutions supported wholly or in part by State aid, and yet the Committee on Committees of the House has not extended Representative Gramley the courtesy of a place on those committees having most to do with legislation affecting these important interests. The one exception is Mr. Gramley's appointment to a place on the Committee on Fisheries, in which capacity he will be able to render service in behalf of the State hatchery in Centre County. In this County are located State College, the new Western Penitentiary and two important hospitals. Mr. Gramley could be of most service to these institutions as a member of the Appropriations Committee. The Committee on Committees lacked the foresight to make such provision for two of the State's greatest projects. It is true that a new member is seldom placed on the Appropriations Committee, but Mr. Gramley's past experience eminently qualified him for such an appointment. More than that, the magnitude of the State's interests in Centre County demanded that he be named on the committee to which will be referred the bills appropriating the necessary funds for their extension and maintenance. One can view such an oversight with nothing short of amazement.

Equally important and unfortunate was the failure of the Committee on Committees to appoint Mr. Gramley to a place on the Committee on Agriculture. Centre County is physically the largest county in Pennsylvania. It is essentially an agricultural county. While we have here industries of one kind and other, agriculture is and for many years to come will continue to be the backbone of Centre County. Legislation affecting agriculture in any manner means legislation affecting Centre County. As the representative of an agricultural county Mr. Gramley was entitled to a place on the Committee on Agriculture, and this courtesy to him personally and this recognition of Centre County as an agricultural district should have been extended without so much as the asking. That it was not extended reflects on the common sense and good judgment of the Committee on Committees. This committee managed to be gracious enough to name Mr. Gramley to the committeeson Accounts, on Statistics, on Counties and Townships and also Fisheries and Game. It is a farce of the most ludicrous kind. The Committee on Committees should have had the assistance of a school-master and thereby learned something about the interests and needs of the several counties comprising Pennsylvania. The plan for selecting the several sub-committees is unquestionably a good one, but it becomes quite clear that it is a bad one when entrusted to incompetent hands.

Albert Lucas Killed.

Albert B. Lucas, employed on the Tyrone division of the Pennsylvania Railroad and whose home was in Unionville, while assisting Wednesday of last week in making repairs to the bridge a little south of Clearfield, lost his footing and fell from an abutment, a distance of twenty feet, to the ground below, alighting on his head and shoulders. He sustained a fracture of the skull and painful bruises to his body. He was picken up in an unconscious condition and taken to the Clearfield hospital, where he died at 11.20 p. m. Wednesday.

The deceaesd was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Arista Lucas, residing near Unionville. Surviving are a widow and four small children: Forest, Ruth, Margaret and Donald. He also leaves his parents and the following brothers and sister, Mrs. Hinton and Harry A., of Pitcairn; Mrs. Ellery Spotts, Mrs. Edna Spotts and Mrs. Roy Alexander, of Bush Hollow; Mrs. Elizabeth Shirey, of Williamsport; Martha, William, Gertrude, Lawrence and Ernest at home.

Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon, interment being made in the Advent cemetery.

Earl Ackenbach Married.

B. Earl Achenbach, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Ackenbach, formerly of Bellefonte but now residing in Lock Haven, was married in the latter place at noon on Monday. His bride was Miss Lola Draucker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Draucker, also of Lock Haven. She is a Lock Haven High School graduate and a leading soloist at St. Paul's church. On returning from their honeymoon tour, the happy young couple will reside at 3329 Walnut Street, Lock Haven.

Waldo Homan Weds.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at 5 o'clock yesterday, at Altoona, the contracting parties being Waldo E. Homan, of Oak Hall, and Miss Anna B. Sunday, of Penna. Furnace. Following the wedding ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Homan departed on a honeymoon tour to Niagara Falls. Before returning home they will visit with relatives for a week in Clarion County. The groom is a progressive and successful farmer.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Nathan H. Mull, Virginia C. Tudeman,	Philipsburg Brooklyn, N. Y.
Calvin L. Stamm, Claudia V. Snyder,	Boalsburg Oak Hall
Mike Suro, Katie Bartko,	Rush Twp. "
William Cogan, Elizabeth Zimmerman,	Runville Snow Shoe
Waldo E. Homan, Anna B. Sunday,	Oak Hall Penna Furnace

Miss Katharine Kelleher Dead.

Following an extended illness Miss Katharine Kelleher died early Saturday morning, last, at her late home in Tyrone. Deceased was a popular and well known young lady and her death is deeply mourned. She was a sister of Joseph D. Kelleher, of Bellefonte. She was born September 19, 1879, and lived all her life in Tyrone. Fureral services were held at that place on Tuesday morning.

Right and Left.

The old English words "right" and "left" have come into more and more general use, and that, too, with the help of other than English people. For some years the words of command have been changed on the ships of a German transatlantic line. Instead of ordering a change of course by the old terms, "starboard" or "port," as the case might require, the same orders are now given by the shorter word "right" or "left." The change was made in the German navy at an earlier day.

It was not long ago that the English word "larboard" was used where we now use "port." There is no difficulty in seeing that two such words as "starboard" and "larboard" were unfit for their use, as they sounded too nearly alike. They were also too long. There is need of short, sharp words, which are easily distinguished. Often there is no time to correct an error, and a mistake is fatal. "Right" and "left" are short and sharp enough. If they differed more in sound they would serve all the better.—St. Louis Republic.

Up Against the Judge.

He was a Scottish advocate, and in his pleading he had several times pronounced the word "enow" for "enough."

"Mr. ——," the judge remarked at length, "in England we sound the 'ough' as 'uff'—'enuff,' not 'enow.'"

"Verra weel, ma lord," continued the self possessed pleader, "of this we have said enuff, and I come, ma lord, to the subdivision of the land in dispute. It was apportioned, ma lord, into what in England would be called pluffland—a pluffland being as much land as a pluffman can pluff in one day, and pluffmen"—

But his lordship could not withstand the ready repartee and burst into a laugh, saying:

"Pray proceed, Mr. ——. We know 'enow' of the Scottish language to understand your arguments." — London Tit-Bits.

Geography of Blushing.

"Dogs blush," said a hunter. "Look at Carlo. I'll frighten him, and you'll see him blush plainly. Dogs blush in the tail."

He pretended that he was going to whip his hunting dog, and the animal showed the whites of its eyes in fright, while the skin of its white tail was, sure enough, suffused with blood. The tail blushed vividly.

"Horses," continued the huntsman, "blush in the ears, especially in the left ear. Cows and sheep blush just above the fetlock. Watch that spot on a cow. When she blushes there it's a sign she's nervous. Move the milk pail then, for she is likely to kick it over.

"Cats and mice and lions and tigers blush at the roots of their antennae, or whiskers."—New York Tribune.

Rain From a Cloudless Sky.

When rain falls from a cloudless sky it is generally believed that the moisture has been brought by the wind at a great elevation. In the south Atlantic it has been known to rain for more than an hour while the sky was entirely free from clouds. In the island of Mauritius it is not at all uncommon for rain to come from a cloudless heaven. Slight showers fall during the evening when the stars are shining brightly. It is thought by some that these showers are the result of particles of ice formed in the higher region of the atmosphere melting and falling. Others attribute it to currents of warm and cold air traveling in opposite directions, with the result that the latter condenses some of the moisture in the former and causes it to fall in the form of rain.

Where the Strain Was.

Among the ancestors of Wendell Phillips were several Puritan clergymen. Perhaps it was a push of heredity which made him, at five years of age, a preacher. His congregation was composed of circles of chairs, arranged in his father's parlor, while a taller chair, with a Bible on it, served him for a pulpit. He would harangue these wooden auditors by the hour.

"Wendell," said his father to him one day, "don't you get tired of this?"

"No, papa," wittily replied the boy preacher; "I don't get tired, but it is rather hard on the chairs."

Superstitious.

"He was the most superstitious card player I ever saw."

"Yes, and he got so superstitious here lately that he doesn't play cards at all now."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. He suddenly discovered that there are thirteen cards in each suit."

Proof of It.

"Well," remarked the boxer, as he walked the floor with his first born, "some of my enemies have said that I couldn't put a baby to sleep, but I never believed it till now."—Week's Sport.

Pretty Good Evidence.

Mrs. Hoyle—I think my husband is getting absentminded. Mrs. Doyle—How so? Mrs. Hoyle—He recently mailed a letter on the same day that I gave it to him.—New York Press.

Doing Very Well.

"Bah! He has no energy."

"He has energy enough to roll his own cigarettes and to carry a large cane. You can't expect too much of a young feller."—Exchange.

Sarcasm.

Patron (to very slow waiter)—Bring me some salad, please. And you might just send me a post card every now and then while you're away.—Judge.

OUR ONCE-A-YEAR

REDUCTION SALE

On all our ready-to-wear clothes affording an unusual opportunity of securing high grade, stylish apparel greatly underpriced--

Every Suit
Every Overcoat
Every Raincoat

Included in these reductions. No Reservations your unrestricted choice of this large showing--

It will pay you to buy now for next year at these prices.

The Reductions Now in Force

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

$10.00	Reduced to	$7.50
12.00	" "	9.50
15.00	" "	11.50
18.00	" "	13.50
20.00	" "	14.50
22.50	" "	16.00
25.00	" "	18.75
30.00	" "	22.50

MEN'S SEPARATE PANTS

$ 2.00	Reduced to	$1.45
3.00	" "	2.25
4.00	" "	2.85
5.00	" "	3.35
6.00	" "	4.40

BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS

$ 3.00	Reduced to	$2.25
4.00	" "	2.85
5.00	" "	3.35
6.00	" "	4.40
7.00	" "	5.25

Sale Ends Saturday Feb. 1st.

No Goods Charged at These Prices.

Sim The Clothier

Correct Dress For Men — Bellefonte & State College.

The County at a Glance.

Pine Grove Mills.

The robins are here and building their nests.

Ex-County Commissioner P. H. Meyers spent Monday at State College.

S. E. Weber was a Centre Hall visitor Tuesday with his brother, J. H. Weber.

Adam Goss, of Lewistown, is visiting with his brother W. H. Goss, on the Branch.

Mrs. J. N. Everts spent Monday at State College, as did also Mrs. Bertha Kimport.

Andy Lytle and John Garner had a "set-to" on Saturday that gave Squire Moore a "leedle bisness" on Monday.

On of the worst storms that ever visited this section was that last Saturday. Trees were uprooted and a number of buildings unrooted. All telephone lines were put out of business. The gable end of A. H. Hartswick's new brick house was blown in. William Wilson's stable was unroofed, as were also the barns of Henry Walters and James Kustaborder.

At the last regular meeting of Captain J. O. Campbell Post, No. 272, G. A. R., here the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. W. Sunday, P. C.; John L. Lightner, S. V. C.; C. H. Martz, J. V. C.; W. H. Fry, Adjutant; Jacob Sunday, Quartermaster; C. B. Hess, Surgeon; H. W. McCracken, Chaplain; W. D. Port, O. G.; W. C. Goodwin, S. M.; W. H. Fry, Representative.

Mrs. Fred Williams is under the doctor's care, suffering from bronchial trouble.

Mrs. J. D. Dreibelbis gave a dinner to a number of her friends on Monday.

Mrs. L. B. Lytle has been seriously ill at her home on the Branch, but is now somewhat improved.

George Ishler, of Boalsburg, was looking about here on Monday for stock for his butcher block.

The Randolph furniture store changed hands on Monday, when W. J. and Miss Grace Dale became the proprietors, with Nathan Dale as manager of the big concern.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hoy attended the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Ertle at Spring Mills, as did also Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Decker.

On Tuesday morning while Mrs. Sallie Fortney was walking on the boardwalk in her yard she slipped and fell, breaking her left hip. Dr. G. H. Woods reduced the fracture and she is getting along nicely.

The weather man is at last on his job and dried up the slush.

Mrs. Henrietta Dale has been quite ill, due to a complication of troubles.

C. H. Meyers has been housed up with pulmonary troubles.

H. W. McCracken and G. W. McWilliams continue to improve in health.

L. H. Osman and Mrs. John Bowersox were grip victims last week.

On account of abdominal troubles, Charles Bohn was compelled to kill his best cow one day last week.

Huckster Tom Patton recently shipped 70 fat hogs and two beeves from here to Philipsburg. Tom is a hustler.

Mrs. G. B. Fry has been confined to her bed with pulmonary trouble.

Although the weather was inclement the festival held recently by the High School netted the tidy sum of $50—in solid cash.

Claud Aikens, of Selinsgrove, some days ago arrived here in his "buzz wagon" and greeted old chums. When he returned home he was accompanied by Samuel M. Hess, who has been enrolled as a student at the Susquehanna University, taking electrical engineering.

Miss Ella Livingston, teacher of the primary school, made a vow on New Year's day to read the Bible through in 1913. It will require the reading of three chapters on week days and five on Sundays.

W. E. McWilliams, our genial and obliging mail carrier on rural free delivery, Route No. 1, Penna. Furnace, a short time ago spent Sunday with the Goheens at Tyrone. While there he attended church and was returning after the service when he slipped and fell on the icey pavement. He sustained a fractured collar bone. The fracture was reduced by a Tyrone physician and he is home again and getting along nicely. His dutiful and accomplished daughter, Sara, has been handling Uncle Sam's affairs in a very satisfactory manner.

While tied to a hitching post at State College recently, one of William Wilson's big grays broke loose and started for the Branch at a 2.10 clip. At Struble station he ran into J. H. Williams' buggy, throwing Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Mrs. O. P. Bloom against the wire fence. The buggy was smashed into splinters. Aside from a few scratches the occupants were unhurt. The horse ran home, five miles away, but left the wrecked buggy behind in the orchard. It was a miracle that the three occupants were not killed outright.

Among the war relics that Major Snyder, of State College, has in his possession are the knife and fork used by the Confederate Commander-in-Chief Robert E. Lee. His wagon train was captured near Farmville, Virginia, just a few days previous to the surrender at Appomatox. The Major was a member of General Wilson's cavalry and highly values the trophy. The handles of the knife and fork are green, while the steel in the blades is in a fine state of preservation.

John I. Markel has been a grip victim and in the hands of his physician.

Rev. G. W. M. Glenn, of Philipsburg, was recently a visitor to old scenes hereabouts. He was mixing business with pleasure. Mr. Crust will be his tenant farmer next season.

Foster Weaver, of Pittsburgh, a Pennsy. brakeman, visited the last few weeks with his many friends in this section.

Lost—A double knit woolen mitten. Will the finder kindly leave the same at E. C. Ross' store at Lemont.

George Swabb and wife were recent visitors at the G. B. McFry home.

Rev. S. J. Pittinger is conducting a protracted meeting at Dungarvin.

Henry Houck visited with friends at WarriorsMark on Sunday of last week.

At the last regular meeting of Tussey Council, No. 515, O. of I. A., the following officers were elected: J. A. Decker, commander; W. R. Decker, vice commander; J. R. Smith, recording secretary; J. L. Murphy, financial secretary; F. B. Krebs, chaplain; George R. Dunlap, conductor; A. L. Burwell, warden; C. V. Smith, inside sentinel, J. S. Henry, outside sentinel; W. H. Glenn, trustee. The organization is gaining right along. The treasurer reports $1500 in his coffers. Their regular mid-winter banquet is on the slate for January 31st.

Port Matilda.

Samuel Osmam and lady friend, Miss Clara Myers of Julian, left Saturday evening for Johnstown where they spent Sunday with Mr. Osman's sister, Mrs. Toner Newman.

Mrs. A. H. Duncan, of Philipsburg, visited at Dr. Harshberger's over Sunday.

S. S. Miles was called away last Thursday to attend the funeral of an aunt near Williamsport.

Misses Ruth Cowher and Leora Harshberger and Mr. Frank Jones enjoyed a very pleasent visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Graham, at Newton Hamilton.

Mrs. Margaret Ellenberger and Mrs. Edward Robison attended the funeral of Mrs. Nannie Shay, at Barnesboro, on Sunday.

Paul Weaver is smiling very happily over the arrival of a new boy at his house.

The special services in the Baptist church are well attended and all hope for great success. Rev. Mr. Booth, of Smethport, has been conducting the services and his sermons are an inspiration to all who hear them. Dr. Stevenson of Clearfield will be present Thursday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Henry Spotts, who has been ill since Christmas, is somewhat improved.

Mrs. W. E. Williams returned Sunday evening from a two weeks visit with friends and relatives in Tyrone and Bald Eagle.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church met on Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. William Shultz. They reorganized for the coming year, after which delicious refreshments were served.

Monday evening Miss Stella Barry was delightfully surprised by a company of her friends, it being the occasion of her eighteenth birthday. The evening was spent in the playing of games and the enjoyment of much jollity, after which an oyster supper was served. All joined in wishing Stella many happy returns.

Teachers' Institute will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church next Friday evening and Saturday, January 24th and 25th. An entertaiment by Miss Lefevre, a fine elocutionist of Lock Haven, has been provided for Friday evening. Admission 10 and 15c. An interesting program is also being prepared for Saturday.

Prof. J. A. Williams came home Friday evening from Philadelphia to spend a couple of weeks.

On Thursday January 16 the Death Angel entered the home of William Cowher and removed their seven-months'-old baby. Interment was made at Tyrone.

Mrs. H. H. Osman returned Saturday evening from a visit in the western part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Graham, Jr., of Newton Hamilton made a pleasant visit at O. C. Jones' this week.

Two sisters of Lucy Smith spent Sunday with her at Mrs. Alexander Chaney's.

Don't forget Institute Friday night and Saturday and the oyster supper Saturday night!

Oh, what a sad relief night. Wasn't it, Skinny?

Mt. Eagle.

Mt. Eagle didn t appear in these columns last week, Mr. Editor, but just the same we want you to know that the place is not frozen up. We are still alive and kicking.

The Anderson Bros. have been busy of late gathering up their loose material to be shipped off to another job. Quite a few of the men are leaving for the contract at Ebensburg.

Those on the sick list at present include S. B. Leathers. Grandma Leathers, who has been ill, is convalescing.

The death of the late John Glenn has caused the deepest sorrow among his many friends. He was a splendid type of citizen.

Mrs. Justice O. Leathers and son Ralph were shopping visitors to Bellefonte on Friday.

Miss Margaret Mason, who was married in Lock Haven on January 10th, arrived here on Friday for a few days' visit with her mother, Mrs. George Deitz.

The handle factory, which had been idle for a week, started up again on Friday, only to be compelled to shut down after a short time to make some necessary repairs.

Saturday was pay day for the Anderson Bros., and everybody was made correspondingly happy.

Misses Ruth and Gertrude Leathers recently entertained some young friends from Howard. Miss Gertrude escorted them home on the night train and remained over Sunday in Howard.

John Deitz, of Jacksonville, visited over Sunday here with his brother, J. F. Deitz.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Colson were Bellefonte visitors on Sunday.

Unionville.

Pr found sorrow was occasioned here by the untimely death of Burton Lucas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arista Lucas. The particulars of the sad accident which resulted in his death seem to be as follows: He was a mason and waa engaged in doing some work on the big bridge near Clearfield. It is said that he was prying a stone into place when a plank on which he was standing gave way and caused him to fall a distance of 18 or 20 feet. He landed on the back of his head on an iron rail, sustaining a fractured skull and other injuries. He died shortly afterward. The remains were brought here for interment, the funeral services being held from the Free Methodist church and conducted by Rev. Mr. Collins. Surviving the unfortunate young man are a heart-broken widow and four small children. In addition to his parents he also leaves these brothers and sisters: Lave, Ernest, Mattie, Gertrude, Mrs. George Spotts and Mrs. Ellery Spotts, of this place; Mrs. Lona Hinton, Mrs. Austin Shirey, William and Harry, of Pitcairn, and Mrs. Roy Alexander, of Unionville. Had he lived until April 15th, next, he would have been 30 years of age. The widow and children and others of the family have the heart-felt sympathy of the community in their sad hour of bereavement. May the Great Protector who protecteth all His children throw about the bereaved parents and the widow and fatherless children the great omnipotent arm of love and mercy. "Tis liken unto a husbandman who soweth his grain in the spring and gathereth it in the fall. Also doth He who created us receive us unto Himself again."

The many friends of Mrs. Rachel Jane Spotts were deeply grieved to learn of her death on Tuesday morning of last week. She had been ill for some time This dear old lady always had a kind word for all whom she met and her friends were legion. Surviving to mourn her passing away are her husband, one son Alfred, and one daughter, Mrs. Lenna Lonsberry, of this place. "Come in peace, ye blessed of my father, and receive the crown which is prepared for you."

Walter Spotts, who has been employed in Ohio, is going to show us Pennsylvania fellows how to farm.

Rev. Mr. Carson, of the Presbyterian church, will hold services in that church Sunday evening, January 26th, at 7.30 o'clock. Everybody cordially invited. Come and hear this man.

Blanchard.

The John B. Miller family last week moved their household goods, horses, wagons, etc., from the farm sold recently by them to Alexander Masden and now are occupying the property purchased from Charles W. Hunter. Mr. Miller has given up farming and will devote his attention to carpentering.

Justice of the Peace George W. Eaton has purchased a fine tract of timber in Nittany mountain. He is engaged in cutting paper wood at present.

A number of neighbors and other friends of Mrs. Emily Shaw one evening last week gave her a delightful surprise party at her home. During the evening delicious refreshments were served. All present had a most enjoyable time, with the happiest one present being the honor guest.

Professor Samuel Bechdel and his bride have recently been visiting with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Bechdel. Professor Bechdel holds a responsible position with the United States Department of Agriculture and is located at Alabama.

Thomas Winslow is busily engaged in cutting chestnut trees affected by the blight and condemned by the State.

MRS. WILLIAM HARPER DEAD

Aged Resident of Bellefonte Passed Away Following Brief Illness.

Following an illness of about nine days, Mrs. Chestie Ann Gramley Harper died on Friday morning, last, at 8 o'clock, at her late home on Thomas Street. Her death was due to pneumonia. Funeral services were held from the home on Monday morning, conducted by Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, of the Reformed church, and Rev. C. W. Winey, of the United Brethren church. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Deceased was the widow of the late William Harper and had resided in Bellefonte since the Civil war. Her maiden name was Gramley. She was born in Miles township August 25, 1838. She was a life long and active member of the Reformed church. Surviving to mourn her passing away are two daughters, Mrs. R. S. Brouse and Miss Carrie Harper, of Bellefonte, and one brother, Henry Gramley, who resides in Kansas.

MRS. SARAH HOFFER DEAD

Mother of Mrs. R. G. H. Hayes Expired Last Night; Long an Invalid.

Mrs. Sarah Hoffer, widow of the late John Hoffer, died at 8.45 o'clock last night at her apartments at the Bush House. She had been an invalid for the last twenty-three years. Her death was hastened by several paralytic strokes, the last occurring on Friday. Since that time she had been gradually sinking until she passed into restful sleep at the hour noted. Funeral services will be held at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon.

Deceased was a life-long resident of Bellefonte. She was born here and at the time of her death was aged 71 years. She was a woman of many beautiful attainments and by a large circle of friends was greatly esteemed. She was a sister of the late E. J. Pruner and was the last surviving member of her family. Surviving is one daughter, Mrs. R. G. H. Hayes, with whom she made her home for many years. C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, is a step-son.

JOHN GLENN DEAD

Well Known Farmer and Life Long Resident of Howard Township.

Death on Saturday night brought to a close the long and useful career of John Glenn, a well known farmer and highly respected citizen of Howard township. He had been ill about one week, his death being hastened by a stroke of paralysis. Funeral services were held in Bellefonte on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, interment being made in the Catholic cemetery.

Deceased was born June 19, 1841. He spent his entire life in Howard township. By a large number of friends he was held in high esteem, and was respected admired for his rugged honesty and integrity in all business transactions. He was a devout, Christian gentleman and was admired for his many noble qualities. He had no immediate family, but is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Margaret A. Dexter, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Susan A. Nolan, with whom he made his home. He was an uncle of Jerry Glenn, of Curtin.

Ambrose J. Sherry Dead.

Ambrose J. Sherry, formerly of Bellefonte and quite well known here, died on Sunday morning, last, at 10.55 o'clock, in New York city. He was a member of the Catholic church in New York and the remains were brought to Bellefonte on Tuesday. Interment was made from the house on Wednesday morning, the burial being in the Catholic cemetery. Deceased was a son of Mr. and Mrs. George Sherry, of Bellefonte, and at the time of his death he was aged 29 years, 3 months and 12 days. He left Bellefonte about five years ago, entering St. Vincent's College, near Latrobe, and later St. Mary's at Bellmont, North Carolina. In more recent years he was engaged as night superintendent of the subway in New York. His deathwas hastened by an attack of appendicitis, suffered about three weeks ago. He submitted to an operation but from this he failed to rally. Surviving to mourn his passing away are his parents, a widow and infant child, and two brothers and one sister, Leo, of Pittsburgh; Oscar and Marie, at home. Mrs Sherry and her mother, Mrs. Fleming, of Bellmont, North Carolina, were here for the funeral.

Mrs. James Witmer Dead.

Mrs. James Witmer died very unexpected on last Saturday night, about 9 o'clock, at her late home in Buffalo Run. She had been quite ill for a week or more, but the attending physicians believed she was on the road to recovery when on Saturday night she took a sudden turn for the worse and passed away. Her husband, who had been constantly at her bedside during her illness had left the house to secure a few things to add to her comfort, and during his absence she was seized with an attack of heart failure and passed away before he could return. Deceased was a daughter of John Gingery and was aged 53 years, 10 months and 5 years. Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. She is survived by her husband and three children, Beatrice and Harrison, at home, and Mrs. Bertha Shafer, of Elizabeth, Pa.

David McCloskey Dead.

David McCloskey died on Sunday night at his late home in Marsh Creek, nearby Romola. He was a splendid type of citizen and his passing away is mourned by many admiring friends. Deceased was born May 20, 1819, making his age almost 94 years. He was the brother of Campbell D. McCloskey and the father of Mrs. Bernard Rupert and Mrs. William Rupert, of Beech Creek. Funeral services were held yesterday at Romola.

Bernice Tate Dead.

Bernice, son of John and Minerva Tate, of near Pleasant Gap, died on January 14th, last, aged 16 years, 5 months and 6 days. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. D. J. Frum, interment being made in the Lutheran cemetery. The boy had been in poor health for some time. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia.

Mrs. Eliza Funk Dead.

Mrs. Kliza Funk, one of the oldest residents of Tyrone, died at that place on Friday of last week. She was aged 85 years, having been born in Warriors-Mark valley January 3, 1828.

Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb.

The devotee of the theatre will be pleased with the offering at Garman's Opera House for three days, commencing January 30th, when the famous and original Mrs. Gen. Tom. Thumb, assisted by the Count and Baron Magri, the Traub sisters Marie and Edith, McGuire the magician, Dorothy Daniel and the Bijou Comedy Co. Mrs. Gen. Tom. Thumb is no doubt the most popular and best known celebrity in the theatrical world today. These little people will be seen in their famous playlet, "Two Strings ta Her Bow," which is replete with surprises and comic situations. There will be matinees each day, with popular prices. Public receptions for Mrs. Gen. Tom. Thumb will be held after each performance, at which she and her husband and others of the company will be pleased to meet the ladies and gentlemen and children of Bellefonte and vicinity. Prices 10, 20, 30 and 50c. --Advt.

Hot Water Bottles

This is the time of year when Hot Water Bottles mean comfort--Invaluable in the sick room.

The Best Are The Cheapest.

Call and examine our complete line of Rubber Goods--You will find it worth while

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

350th Anniversary Services.

Last Sunday morning anniversary services were held in St. John's Reformed church commemorative of the adoption of the Heidelberg Catechism as the Confession of Faith of the Reformed Church. The Heidelberg Catechism was formally adopted January 19th, 1563 under the approval of Frederick Elector III of the Palatinate, Germany. An interesting Historical Jubilee service was used by the congregation and Sunday School at the 11 o'clock morning service. At the same service Elders C. T. Gerberich, A. Lukenbach and Charles Wetzel, together with Deacons Harry Keller, C. Y. Wagner, Clayton Royer and J. Henry Wetzel were ordained and installed in their respective offices. Next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, the pastor, Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, expects to deliver an historical address on The Reformation, Zwingli, and the Catechism. At the annual congregational meeting held January 15, the reports showed the receipts from all sources to be $3,447.34, with all bills for the year paid, except a balance due on the cost of the new roof that has been placed on the church.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens, stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.—Advt.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.32
Butter, per pound	.35

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.90
Wheat, red	.95
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.50
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.50
Oats, (per bu.)	.35
Rye, (per bu.)	.60
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 21st. day of December, 1912, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF FEBRUARY,

being the 24th. day of February, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th., with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 14th day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
January 14, 1913.

Orphans' Court Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of an order issued by the Orphans' Court of Centre County the undersigned will expose at public sale on the premises near Matternville, in Patton Township,

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 25th, 1913,

at 1 o'clock P. M., all the following described real estate, late the property of Mrs. Fannie Carson, deceased:

A certain messuage and tract of land situate in Patton Township aforesaid, beginning at a post in the Half Moon road; thence along said road and line of William S. Gray, South 61 degrees East, 12 perches to post; thence by same, South 18 degrees West, 18 perches to post; thence South 67 degrees West, 3 12-25 perches to post; thence North 32¼ degrees West, 26 3-5 perches to post on line between Hartsock and Gray; thence North 69¼ degrees East, 22 23-25 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 2 acres and 82 perches net.

Thereon erected a two story frame house with cellar, stable, pig-pen, etc. Apple orchard and other fine fruit, as well as a good cistern on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of purchase money on day of sale, balance of one-half on confirmation of sale, and the remaining one-half in one year from confirmation, and to bear six per cent. interest and to be secured by Sci. Fa. bond and mortgage on the premises.

HARRY KELLER,
THOMAS A. HARTSOCK
Att'y. Admr. Fannie Carson, dec'd.

To Prevent Accidents.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company has renewed activity in an effort to prevent accidents and fatalities on its trains and right of way. The police department has been notified to be doubly vigilant in apprehending and arresting trespassers. Other employes, including trainmen, signalmen and track foremen, have been instructed to assist in keeping trespassers off the company's property by bringing to the attention of the police officers any violators who may come under their notice.

During the month of December seventy fatalities were reported on the lines east of Pittsburgh, in which number were included trespassers, employes on and off duty, and others. For the safety and protection of the people, the Pennsylvania Railroad company purposes using its utmost endeavors to prevent accidents and fatalities on its trains and right of way. In addition to its regular force of policemen, "spotters" have been engaged to see that not only would-be trespassers are prevented from their own foolhardy acts, but also to see that employes do not violate the rules and thereby unnecessarily endanger their lives and limbs. It is largely from a humane standpoint that the company acts, and by reducing the number of trespassers, the number of fatalities will in turn be reduced.

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR RENT—Farm. Inquire of James I. Thompson, Lemont, Pa.

LOST—A gold watch in the Bush House; name Roy H. Grove engraved inside case; return to this office; reward.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

GIRL WANTED—Girl wanted for general housework. Apply to MRS. LAURA E. SNYDER, 214 West College Avenue, State College, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—One and one-fourth miles West of Unionville, on along Tyrone Road. Inquire of B. W. Shipley, Fleming, Pa. 1-9-4t.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—3 high grade bull calves, 1 heifer calf, from 4 to 6 mo. old, sired by Thornwood Vale Posch Pietertje No. 52124 H. F. H. B.; bred to high grade Holstein Fresian cows, with a high milk and butter record.

ROBERT MUSSER,
Spring Mills,

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

Opposite Big Spring

Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2073
Bellefonte, - - - - Pa.

Everybody's friend—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Cures toothache, earache, sore throat. Heals cuts, bruises, scalds. Stops any pain.—Advt.

HERE'S A NICE DOCTOR

Defends Mince Pie and Says Hard Boiled Eggs Beat Soft Ones.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, the medical writer, has come to the defense of pie and hard boiled eggs as articles of diet. He asserts that the simple diet is not the correct thing and that an after-the-theatre-supper not injurious. His theory is eat when and where and what one wants. A few of his tips of dieting follow:

PIE—Almost a necessary to life. Hot mince, cold mince, lemon (with or without the meringue,) pumpkin, apple, raisin or almost any kind of fruit pie is good. Take one slice after the midday meal and a big slice after the evening meal.

EGGS—The harder they come the better, if you know how to eat them. A hard boiled egg is generally better than a soft-boiled egg, because you instinctively chew a hard-boiled one, while you just gulp the soft ones. If you know how to eat the soft ones, it is just as good as one cooked hard.

STEAK—Everyone should have his steak served frequently. If you like it rare, have it rare but often. If you like it well done, have it well done. One is as good as the other. There is no real choice except in matter of taste.

Altoona Dentist Convicted.

Dr. C. E. Hart, a prominent dentist of Altoona, was defended in a case in the Blair County criminal court, last week charged with practicing dentistry without being registered. A. J. Scott, of Philadelphia, a private detective in the employ of the Pennsylvania State Dental association, was prosecutor. He testified that in October, last, he came to Altoona and had Dr. Hart prepare a cavity in one of his molars, for filling, for which he paid $1 and took a receipt therefor.

Dr. Hart testified that he is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Dental College, of Philadelphia, class of 1897, and that he lost his diploma in Minneapolis, Minn., where more than a dozen years ago he took the state-dental examination. He testified that he practiced for a time after his graduation in Lancaster, Pittsburgh and in the state of Maryland. He claimed to have offered his diploma at Lancaster for registration, but the officers there refused to register it, because they alleged the act of 1876 requiring such registration had been repealed. Dr. Hart was represented by Attorneys J. D. Hicks and R. A. Henderson, who fought valiantly for him. He was convicted. His attorneys immediately filed a motion in arrest of Judgment and for a new trial, desiring Judge Baldrige to pass upon the questions involving the interpretations of certain statutes of the state.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad company has renewed activity in an effort to prevent accidents and fatalities on its trains and right of way. The police department has been notified to be doubly vigilant in apprehending and arresting trespassers. Other employes, including trainmen, signalmen and track foremen, have been instructed to assist in keeping trespassers off the company's property by bringing to the attention of the police officers any violators who may come under their notice.

During the month or December seventy fatalities were reported on the lines east of Pittsburgh, in which number were included trespassers, employes on and off duty, and others. For the safety and protection of the people, the Pennsylvania Railroad company purposes using its utmost endeavors to prevent accidents and fatalities on its trains and right of way. In addition to its regular force of policemen, "spotters" have been engaged to see that not only would-be trespassers are prevented from their own foolhardy acts, but also to see that employes do not violate the rules and thereby unnecessarily endanger their lives and limbs. It is largely from a humane standpoint that the company acts, and by reducing the number of trespassers, the number of fatalities.

Plan to Wed Own Blood.

Physicians in Pittsburgh are puzzled over a complex question that has arisen through the giving of three pints of blood by William Steward, a 20-year-old married man, to save the life of a girl he loved and whom he will marry, after procuring a divorce from his present wife, he declares.

Miss Myrtle Balvering, the charmer into whose arteries Steward's blood was transferred, was near death's door when it was decided that her blood supply must be replenished. Steward readily agreed to the request, and three pints of blood sufficed, and after the operation he calmly announced he would marry Miss Balvering yet.

Several physicians who heard the remark declared that Steward's assertion opened up a great question: The transfusion of such a large quantity of blood created "a blood relationship" between Steward and the young woman and the law forbade marriage of that sort.

No Backache or Kidney Pains.

If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, dizziness and lack of energy, try Mother Gray's AROMATIC-LEAF, the pleasant herb remedy. As a tonic laxative it has no equal. At Druggists, or by mail, 50c Ask to-day. SAMPLE FREE. Address The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Vanishing Seamen.

It used to be seamen. Now it is steammen. The change suits to a "t." The old time sailor has nearly vanished. Steam has put him out of the running. If a new Sir Joseph Porter were to come from the imagination of some new librettist he would no longer be told of gifted sailors "who could handle, reef and steer or ship a selvagee." There will be no present day Allingham to chant the glories of "the wet sheet and the flowing sea and the wind that follows fast to bend the willowy mast," for there are no longer sheets and masts enough to inspire his muse. For the matter of that, the entire song has gone out of sea life. When men "tripped anchors" and did it by manning a capstan and bending their backs rhythmically to the job, as the mate sang chanties to them, music counted as an exhilarant, but now steam winches lift the anchors and what would be the sense of singing to a mass of iron and steel?—Cleveland Leader.

Trees and Lightning.

The relation of trees to lightning, as shown by a bulletin of the United States forest service, does not wholly accord with popular beliefs. It is found that trees are the objects most often struck because they are the most numerous of all prominent objects, they offer a short course to the ground, and their spreading branches in the air and roots in the soil present an ideal conductor to the ground. Any kind of tree may be chosen by the lightning, the greatest number in any locality being found among the dominant species. The likelihood of any tree being struck is increased if it is taller than surrounding trees, is isolated, is on high land, is deeply rooted and if its condition—as when wet—makes it the best electrical conductor of the vicinity at the time of the flash. Lightning may set a forest fire by igniting the tree or—what is much more likely to be the case—the humus about the base.

First Recorded Alimony.

An Egyptian mummy now on exhibition in London was wrapped in papyrus which scholars have found to be covered with inscriptions. Among others is one which indicates that at least one lady of the pharaonic period failed to agree with her life partner. The document is a petition to the proper authorities for justice against a spendthrift and abusive husband. "When I married Heracleides," writes the petitioner, "I brought 200 drachmas as a dowry. Besides this, my husband, when he lost his property, found a home in the house of my parents. In spite of this, Heracleides, after he had run through my dowry, cursed me, beat me, deprived me of the necessaries of life, wickedly deserted me and left me in misery. I pray you to force him to appear before you and to cause him to return to me the dower I gave him increased by half."—New York American.

Turks First Banned Tobacco.

Tobacco was first carried into Turkey by English sailors, and its use was quickly prohibited. As in Russia, a tradition was discovered prohibiting its use by the faithful. Mohammed, it was said, had prophesied that in future ages some of his followers would smoke a herb called tobacco, but these would be unbelievers. Sultan Amurath IV. strictly prohibited its use. Search was made for smokers. Tobacco pipes were driven through their cheeks, and rolls of tobacco hung as collars around their necks. Thus arrayed they were mounted on asses, facing the tail, and driven through the streets as a warning to lusters after tobacco to be hanged.—New York Sun.

Euphemisms For Death.

"Decease" is now a regular form of word for death. But it began as a gentle euphemism, "decessus" (departure) seeming much less harsh to the Romans than "mors." All languages abound in euphemisms of the kind which go back to a superstitious reluctance to mention death plainly that gradually passed into a kindly desire to soften the idea. "Passed away," "departed," "gone," "expire" (breathe out), "no more," "demise" and even "the late" are expressions of this nature. Most striking of all is the Roman euphemism for "he is dead," "vixit" (he has lived).

A Sop to Her Conscience.

Hub (after a night out)—I feel like the two spot. I wish you'd telephone to the office that I'm in bed with the grip. Wife—That would be a lie. Hub—How particular you women are! Fetch over that grip and lay it on the bed near my feet. There! Now will you telephone?—Boston Transcript.

Happy Homes.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

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LAMP OILS LUBRICANTS

THE BRAMBLY COTTAGE

The Story of a Rescue

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Leander Kittredge leaned over the fence and scrutinized the inquiring stranger, who carried fishing rods and basket. "What sa-ay?" he drawled, cupping one freckled hand around a large and leathery ear.

"I asked if there was good fishing in the lake," repeated the man patiently.

"Sometimes there is and sometimes there ain't," returned Mr. Kittredge, with an enigmatic smile.

"How's that?"

"It all depends on Faustina Standish," chuckled Leander. "It all depends on Faustina!"

The stranger looked puzzled. "Who is Faustina Standish?"

"She owns the lake and it's her say so whether there's fish to be caught or not."

"Oh, I didn't know it was private property! The people at the hotel said any one could fish there."

"Belongs to Faustina. It's her say so."

"Where does she live?"

"Down in that brambly cottage at the shore now. In the winter time she moves up to her house in the village. Some day Faustina 'll get ketched by a high tide or something and cottage and all 'll float off." Leander shook with silent mirth.

"Tide! I thought it was a fresh water lake."

"It's a bay—nothing more or less than a leetle salt water bay, with just the teeniest outlet to the sound. Standishes have always owned the bay, and now it's Faustina's, and she's got a cottage down there that has its feet in the water sometimes. She and that grampussing old black cook, Cleopatra, have it all to themselves from June to October."

"No harm in asking permission to fish?" ventured the stranger. And, following Leander's guiding finger, he turned into another woody road that led him down to the water's edge.

Davis Emery paused in sheer admiration of the tiny bay, perhaps a quarter of a mile in diameter, lipped by a snow white sandy beach with a background of gently sloping pastures and cedar clothed hillsides. Directly opposite was a rift in the white beach that showed the channel, with a dark rim of the sound beyond. The sky was blue, and the water reflected the pure tint. The tide had been an unusually high one, for bits of dried driftwood were floating away from the high water mark. Long lines of dead seaweed undulated with the swell of the ebbing tide.

Nowhere along the beach was there a sign of a "brambly cottage" such as Leander Kittredge had described. Not far from where he was standing, however, there was a small building, whitewashed outside and in and speckless clean. An indignant clucking from a nesting box in one corner revealed that this was a chicken house, and it was evident that the tide had lapped the floor of the building, for the sand lay in little riffled, damp lines.

If this was Faustina Standish's chicken house her brambly cottage could not be far away. But look as he might up and down the beach he saw nothing save a sweep of wet sand and glistening pebbles.

All at once Emery saw it in the most unexpected place. There, bobbing drunkenly in the middle of the little bay, was a small white cottage overrun with red roses. The water swashed around the tiny porch and broke in white foam against the sides of the building. From a small iron chimney smoke poured forth as if this unexpected trip on the water had not hindered the round of domestic duties. Up on a balcony above the porch a woman was sitting composedly, reading a book.

There was only one thing for Davis Emery to do and that was to rescue the damsel as quickly as possible. In order to do that he must have a boat, and, looking about, he soon made the unpleasant discovery that there were three very capable looking small boats adrift on the bay. He raced madly up the shore and found nothing save a broken oar half buried in the salt grass. With this in his hand he went back to the chicken coop and there behind it, resting on the sloping bank, were the outlines of a flat bottomed skiff beneath a covering of tarpaulin and dried seaweed.

After fifteen minutes labor he had the covering cleared away and the boat afloat. Rowlocks there were none, but Emery could paddle even with a broken oar, so he pushed off and went bobbing slowly toward the brambly cottage, which was also bobbing on the tide and headed straight for the narrow, wicked looking channel.

Perhaps the girl had suddenly thought of the channel, for all at once she arose and went to the railing and leaned over and looked long and anxiously at the course of the cottage. She saw Emery just then, and in response to his hail he heard a faint response.

The current was stronger now, and the speed of both cottage and skiff was accelerated, so that Emery did not gain much on the little house, but after awhile his strong, steady persistent strokes counted for results, and just when he was beginning to feel the strain of his hurried efforts a wave brought the skiff to the edge of the porch and he reached out and grasped the edge. In another instant he was standing on the boards, ankle deep under water, and making fast the painter of the skiff to the railing.

As he turned from this task the door opened behind him and revealed the girl of the balcony standing there. Brown as a berry were hair, eyes and brow. Her skin was deep cream, with a powdering of golden freckles across her lovely face. Even in that moment of danger Davis Emery realized her beauty, and he drew a sharp breath of admiration. But the girl's voice, soft and cultivated, brought him back to the urgency of the situation.

"If you have come to help us," she said quickly, "you can best do it by keeping us out of the channel—if you can."

"I'll try," said Emery promptly. "Have you got a heavy rope or a chain aboard—I mean in the house?"

"No, but there is one in my motorboat. See—it is in the same current and will soon reach us! If you can get aboard and start the engine you can easily pull us out of the current."

By the time she had finished speaking Emery was back in the skiff and paddling away with his broken oar. It was a matter of minutes before he had boarded the large motorboat, started up the engine and caught up with the brambly cottage. The girl cheered him heartily as he passed around to the rear of the building, where he fastened a stout chain to a ringbolt in the back porch and, starting up the engine once more, had the satisfaction of feeling that the cottage was drawing steadily in his wake—out of the current and toward a low sandy shore.

All at once a large black face surmounted by a bright bandanna turban appeared at one of the windows.

"Fo' de lan's sake, man, huccome yo' heah?" she demanded belligerently. "Hev yo' ask Miss Faustiny yit?"

"I have Miss Faustina's permission to tow you to safety," laughed Emery heartily.

"Dat's all right, den. But dere's folkses always tryin' to take libyerties wid Miss Faustiny, and her's only too easy wid 'em. But dey don't git by me; no, sah!" Cleopatra withdrew her brilliantly adorned head, and Emery heard her clattering among the pots and pans. Presently her voice sounded once more.

"Man, ef yo' could manidge to git us ashore down by high bar I could git a mess o' clams for dinnah!" she called amicably.

"I'm under Miss Faustina's orders," returned Emery.

At that moment the girl appeared at the back door. "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness in rescuing us," she said sincerely. "If we had gone on the rocks in the channel I am afraid we would have fared badly. When our cottage suddenly drifted off at 7 o'clock Cleopatra and I had just arisen and were upstairs. I thought we would simply float across the bay to the other shore and we could easily be towed back from that point, so I felt no alarm until I discovered we were in the current and making for the channel. We owe a great deal to your pluck in getting us into smooth water."

"I'm mighty glad I happened along," responded Emery. "Now, would it not be a good plan to beach the cottage on the sand here? And when the tide shifts late this afternoon it will be comparatively easy to tow it back to its location with this boat."

Faustina agreed heartily, and in another half hour Emery had skillfully maneuvered the brambly cottage to a temporary resting place not far from the high bar which showed a long strip of mud flat in the falling tide. Cleopatra descended to the sand with clam rake and basket on her arm and trudged to the mud flat.

Emery assisted Faustina Standish to land, and when he had made both house and motorboat secure beyond any encroaching wave he sat down beside her on the sand and explained how he had happened to invade the shore of her little bay. Of course the service he had rendered her and the spirit of the adventure in which they had both taken a part rapidly promoted a friendship that was not broken for many months, and then for a most excellent reason.

Cleopatra presently summoned them to an appetizing clambake, which, combined with the meal she had been busily preparing, quite rounded out a delightful morning.

It was sundown when the brambly cottage was once more securely moored above high water mark near its old resting place. Davis Emery's permission to fish in the bay contained many added privileges, such as calling upon Faustina Standish once in awhile and enjoying Cleopatra's culinary triumphs, for Cleopatra approved of Davis Emery.

His basket was empty and his lines quite dry as he passed Leander Kittredge's back fence at sunset. Leander was there playing with an awkward, long legged colt.

"Hev a good ketch?" grinned Leander sociably.

Emery found himself smiling at a sudden recollection. "Very," he said.

"Found Faustina and the brambly cottage, did ye? I reckoned she'd let ye fish—never heerd of her refusin' anybody yet—but, of course, nobody ever knows what notion a woman'll take into her head!"

"See you again," said Emery in farewell, and as he walked home through the quiet woods he wondered if Faustina Standish would ever "take a notion" to like him better than anybody she had ever met, and it turned out that Faustina did that very thing, and so when their friendship ended love began and remained ever after.

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Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

H. H. Frederick to Frederick Brouse, lot in Boalsburg; $50.

F. P. Musser, Admr., to S. Ward Gramley, 2 lots in Millheim; $575.

William J. Butler to Penna. R. R. Co., strip of land in Howard township, $1100.

Americus M. Butler to Penna. R. R. Co., strip of land in Howard township; $2100.

John Hamilton, et ux, to E. S. Erb, lot in State College; $600.

H. Laird Curtin, et ux, to Earl H. Leathers, tract in Howard township; $1.

Talitha Robinson to W. S. Bresler, tract in Ferguson township; $60.

Henry Ellenberger to W. S. Bresler, tract in Ferguson township; $800.

Elijah Burd to Virgie M. Kreamer, premises in Coburn; $265.

James Huey, et ux, to Thomas M. Huey, tract in Patton township; $2125.

Jonathan Harter to Simon R. King, tract in Millheim; $254.

Walter J. Kurtz, et ux, to Penna. Railroad Co., strip of land in Howard township; $1.

Thomas Foster, et al, to Harry N. Eaton, lot in College township; $400.

William L. Woodcock, et al, to Penna. R. R. Co., strip of land in Boggs township; $414.

Edward D. Gill, et ux, to W. C. Smeltzer, tract in Spring township; $75.

W. C. Smeltzer to Oscar Gill, tract in Rush township; $75.

Itching, torturing skin eruptions disfigure, annoy, drive one wild. Doan's Ointment brings quick relief and lasting cure. Fifty cents at any drug store.—Advt.

Messingwell's Failure

He Kept His Promise Faithfully

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The telephone bell rang sharply, and the girl at the typewriter paused and drew the receiver to her ear. She frowned as she recognized the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Perhaps you better talk to Mr. Messingwell; wait a moment, please," she said, pressing a button at the side of her desk. She hung up the receiver, but did not resume her interrupted occupation. From behind the closed glass door of her employer's private office came the deep bass murmur of his voice as he talked with Rudolph Fearing.

Suddenly she caught her breath as Messingwell's voice rang suddenly sharp and distinct to her listening ears. "Very well, Fearing; if you don't hear from me by noon you can do your worst—and go to the devil afterward!" Then she heard the receiver slammed on its hook and the creak of his chair as he swung away from his desk.

Emily Carman had been Alden Messingwell's chief clerk for two years.

It was a losing game for Messingwell. He had come at the bidding of a dying father to carry on the long established business of Messingwell & Co., which old Messingwell and a spendthrift younger son had managed to involve almost to the point of failure when a death stroke laid the father low. The younger son had taken himself as far away from the tottering business as his means would permit, and so Alden was left with his promise to fulfill to the best of his ability.

"I'll do the best I can, father," he promised. "I'm not a good business man doctors seldom are, you know—but as long as I have a penny to my name the old sign shall swing above the office door."

His father had begged him to keep up the appearance of prosperity. "The business will come back again, Alden. Just give it a chance to recover from the depression."

The depression was a thing of the past, and prosperity was abroad in the land, and there still remained the decaying business, perhaps a little strengthened here and there, but bound to die in the near future. The machinery in the long mill buildings was out of date, and Messingwell's methods were hopelessly old fashioned.

The week before Alden had closed down the mills and given the hands two weeks' vacation. The notice tacked on the door spoke of an "inventory" being taken, but Rudolph Fearing had laughed as he read it and promptly hired all of the Messingwell hands for his own modern, up to the minute factories. He knew that Alden had not the money to pay his workers another week's wages; that there were no orders on his books; that failure was staring the unfortunate physician in the face.

Emily Carman knew all these things, and so she hesitated before she turned the knob that opened the door between her office and Messingwell's. At last she summoned courage and slipped inside, standing with her slender, erect figure beside him.

"Did you call me, Mr. Messingwell?" she inquired.

He swung about and turned a pale, despondent face toward her. "No, I didn't call, Miss Carman. But," he paused for an instant and looked in her face for the flash of sympathy he had never failed to find there, and again he was rewarded, "did you know Fearing had bought up every obligation we owe?" he asked bluntly.

"I heard it yesterday," she said steadily.

"He gives me until noon to settle, then he will close me up for good. I've made a mess of it all!" he ended with sudden passion. "I ought to have hired a manager and kept out of it myself."

She permitted a little silence to follow in order that he might recover his poise. Then she said: "Of course it seems hard to let the business go to a man like Rudolph Fearing, but every firm must come to an end some day, timely or otherwise. If you sell all the buildings, machinery and fixtures I have calculated there would be enough to wipe out all the obligations and leave a clean record for the firm of Messingwell & Co."

His astonishment was genuine. "You have calculated?" he repeated. "You have estimated the possibility of my giving up—you have seen what a blanked failure I am?" He smiled bitterly and turned his eyes away from her.

"It isn't failure to withdraw from business because one cannot honorably carry it on," she returned with spirit. "If failure is the ultimate end, why not draw out before it actually happens and thus frustrate the end?"

He shook his head hopelessly. "I promised father I'd hang on to the business as long as I had a penny. I haven't got much now, but I think I know how I can stave Fearing off for awhile."

"You cannot do it, Mr. Messingwell," said Emily sadly. "If he holds all the notes you can't force him to arbitrate."

"I'll borrow the money from somebody and pay him off," replied Alden, reaching for his hat. "We'll struggle along somehow for another month, and if Sherwood will only take in a few orders on this trip we may be able to start up once more."

"Who are you going to borrow it from?" asked Emily, and so much a part of his business had she now become that Alden Messingwell did not consider whether his chief clerk was overstepping the bounds of her position or not. Only those two knew the real situation of the Messingwell mills.

"I'll go to Giles. He offered to put me on my feet once before." Alden stood with his hand on the doorknob.

"At ruinous interest, and he'd sell you out to Mr. Fearing without the slightest compunction," exclaimed Emily.

"I've got to do something!" cried Alden and left the office.

Half an hour later he came back, white and shaking. He beckoned Miss Carman into his office and closed the door. "He turned me down—he turned me down, Miss Carman," he gritted between his teeth. "He treated me as if I had been a beggar suing for alms, and he talked loud enough to inform his whole office force the nature of my errand. That is the man my father set up in business—who might have been drawing kerosene in a country grocery to this day if father had not helped him!" He threw himself down in the chair and pulled the telephone toward him. "By the way, Miss Carman, please type a notice that owing to business troubles I must dispense with the entire office help from tomorrow night. Bring it here and I'll sign it and put it up in the main office. I shall be glad if you will stay with me until matters are closed up, if you will do so."

"Certainly," said Miss Carman and left the room to do his bidding. As she closed the door she heard Messingwell telephoning to his lawyer.

It was an eventful day in the mill offices. The startling notice of dismissal agitated the half dozen men and women at the various desks, and there was little work done that afternoon. Emily Carman made up the weekly pay roll and discovered that it amounted to exactly $85 more than the balance in the bank. That was a paltry $6.09 and ought not to be touched if they were going into the hands of a receiver.

But it didn't go into the hands of a receiver, for somehow Messingwell's lawyer got an extension of time from Fearing and in the meanwhile got in touch with an official of the trust and offered the Messingwell mills and enviable site for sale, and the trust accepted the offer and paid a sum sufficient to clear the good name of the old company and leave the erstwhile doctor a little balance to start him once more in his profession. As for Rudolph Fearing, it was the worst turn of business he ever attempted, for in course of time the trust forced him to the wall, and he had to sell out or go under, so he sold out and became a manager in what had formerly been his own business.

The last day of office work came for Emily Carman when the affairs of Messingwell & Co. were finally wound up. She had accepted a position with the trust when the mills should start up again, but she looked very downhearted as she closed the desk where she had sat so long with Alden Messingwell's responsibilities heavy on her young shoulders.

As she leaned weakly against her desk his deep voice suddenly pronounced her name, and she looked up to see him standing in the doorway looking down at her with a queer expression in his grey eyes.

"Miss Carman, to hark back to the day when we dismissed the clerks, will you please explain how you managed to pay them off with a sum aggregating $90 when you didn't have a penny in the cash drawer and the bank account was tied up?"

She steadied her voice with difficulty. "Why—why, Dr. Messingwell" (giving him the title that was his once more) "I knew it was only a temporary embarrassment, and so—so I happened to have some money saved and I was glad to do it," she ended breathlessly.

"I know you were glad to do it, Miss Carman. You've been the pluckiest little partner that a man ever had! I've been going over things and I find that you haven't drawn half of the salary coming to you, besides advancing $90 that last day. You've borne my responsibilities and—and"— He could not control his voice and it broke strangely.

"Please don't say any more. I have not missed the money, and some day when things go better you can pay it back. Now I must go." She held out her hand. "I wish you much success, Dr. Messingwell, and"—

He held her hand tightly and looked down at her flushed face and suddenly confused eyes. Gone was the demurely quiet, young business woman, and in her place was the loveliest, shrinking girl imaginable.

"Emily," said Messingwell at last, "success won't mean anything to me unless you are my partner in it. Do you understand what I mean, dear?"

Her face drooped until he could see nothing save her crown of lovely hair, so he was emboldened to take her in his arms and explain to her what he really meant—as if she did not know!

"Could you—would you marry such a fool as I am, darling?" pleaded the doctor in her pink ear. "I've made a failure of the business, and I don't blame you if you haven't faith in me"—

Suddenly Emily looked up and her eyes were filled with happy tears. "Alden," she interrupted, "have you—failed in everything?"

He looked deep down in her eyes and then kissed her lips. "My failures have been small indeed, dear, beside the winning of your love," he said tenderly.

Horse Sense.

When a collar hurts, the average horse winces upon being asked to throw his weight into the collar. Later he becomes what we foolishly call balky perhaps, and finally he fights like an army mule when some one tries to put a collar on him. That's knowing something!

I am personally acquainted with a horse which simply hates a certain blacksmith who once upon a time nailed a bad fitting pair of shoes to his feet and inflicted sore feet upon this horse for all time to come.

There are men in this world of ours cruel enough to fasten a horse with a heavy rope in a stall and then beat the horse with a chain. But such men have "bad luck," for forever afterward if the horse which has received this sort of discipline hears a chain rattle he will bolt in terror, whether hitched to a mowing machine, a carriage with children in it or a heavy wagon loaded with produce. This is either horse sense or horse revenge.—Farm and Fireside.

Place Names In Russia.

The Russian has not applied his names without reason. In 1858, when he founded the capital of the Amoor province, he named it Blagoveschchensk. This means "good news"—to all save the proofreaders in the newspaper offices. Three years later he founded the capital of Primorskaya and gave it a name that plainly showed what it was intended to be—Vladivostok, "ruler of the east." Near the end of his great transcontinental railway he made a grand new city and called it Dalny, "farthest," a very appropriate name for a place 5,800 miles from the starting point of the road. A petty clan of the Suchan family, springing from the narrow, beautiful, but savage glens southwest of Changbaishan, founded the Manchu dynasty, which for more than 200 years ruled China. They took the dynastic name of Manju, or Manchu, in their own language meaning "clear." To this the Europeans have added a termination, and we have Manchuria, the "country of the Manchus."—London Answers.

His Shaky Memory.

The lawyers got a tartar when, in a recent trial in a southern city, they summoned to the stand an aged darky who had been an eyewitness of a fight that had occurred between a number of persons.

"Tell us what you know about this fight," said counsel when old Mose had been placed upon the stand.

"Fight?" asked Mose, apparently greatly surprised. "What fight?"

"You know very well what fight is meant," said counsel. "Tell us about it."

"I don't know nothin' about no fight," insisted the witness. "When was it?"

"See here, Moses," exclaimed the lawyer; "no trifling—the fight day before yesterday. You know all about it. Tell us."

"Oh, de fight day befo' yisterday," said Mose. "Well, suh, you see, I's slept since de day befo' yisterday, and I never kin rickollect anything after I's been asleep."

And that was all they could get from him.—Green Bag.

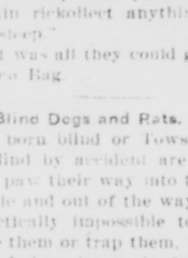
Blind Dogs and Rats.

Canines born blind or fowsers that become blind by accident are able to smell and pave their way into the most inaccessible and out of the way places. It is practically impossible to starve them, lose them or trap them. Furthermore, blind dogs learn stunts just as quickly as those that see. Loss of sight in no way interferes with their ability to learn tricks, acquire habits or find their food.

Rats, as a matter of fact, if they use their eyes at all—a doubtful matter—can see little or nothing of the world. The retina of these creatures has no point of perfect vision such as is found in the higher animals and man; hence their noses, muscles, touch and hearing give them information about the world they live in.—New York Press.

Gave Himself Away.

A little girl was weeping bitterly in the street, and a benevolent old gentleman, patting her on the shoulder, inquired what was the matter. "I've lost a penny, sir," the child sobbed. The old gentleman promptly handed her a penny. She looked at him askance for a few seconds and then said in a tone more of sorrow than of anger: "Oh, you wicked old man! So 'ou had it all the time!"—London Tatler.



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Mrs. B. N. Deitrich, 391 E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good remedy for kidney disorders and I do dot hesitate one moment in confirming the public statement I gave praising them in October 1907. One of my family complained a great deal of backache and headaches and I had heard so much about Doan's Kidney Pills that I procured a supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. They made a complete cure."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name - Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Austin Dam Cases Continued.

The trial of the cases involving charges of involuntary manslaughter against George C. Bayless, president, and F. N. Hamlin, superintendent of the Bayless Pulp and Paper company, of Austin, Pa., whose concrete dam broke September 30, 1911, resulting in a loss of eighty lives and millions in property, has been continued until the May term of court.

The cases were scheduled for trial at Wellsboro, Pa., this week and were put over because of the inability of important witnesses to appear at an earlier date.

Billy Burke Sold.

Billy Burke (2.03¼), champion trotter of 1912, has been sold to a foreign syndicate for the record price of $50,000, according to Lon McDonald, of Altoona, horseman and driver and trainer of Billy Burke, who received a telegram from J. Howard Ford, of New York, owner of the horse, apprising him of the sale. An Austrian syndicate got the horse.

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get for the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE
Crider's Stone Bl'dg
High Street,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Wolf & Hile

Brick-Layers

Work done by the hour or on Contract.

WILLIAM WOLF,
P. O. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. O. HILE,
P. O. Pleasant Gap, Pa.

For Sale.

For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inqure of Samuel Kline on the farm.

F. W. CRIDER.
Bellefonte, Pa

THE NEW YEAR

that finds you without some money in bank will not be for you the happy and prosperous year we wished you last week. Money does not make one happy, but the need of it makes one miserable.. Let us start you in the good habit of saving.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, - - - Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Professional Cards.

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A. A. Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East Hight St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

H. C. Quigley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St. Bellefonte Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	† 6.38	.....	† 2.12
	Stevens	† 6.43	.....	† 2.17
	Hunters Park	† 6.46	.....	† 2.21
	Fillmore	† 6.50	† 10.34	† 2.26
	Briarly	† 6.55	.....	† 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	† 7.12	.....	† 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	† 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	† 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	† 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	† 5.03
	Krumrine	† 8.07	.....	† 5.00
	Waddles	8.0	1.10	† 5.25
	Briarly	† 8.4	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	† 8.8	1.18	† 5.38
	Hunters Park	† 8.31	.....	† 5.40
	Stevens	† 8.35	.....	† 5.40
	Morris	† 8.37	.....	† 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	1.30	† 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	1.50	† 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
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DREER'S SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in
Dreer's Garden Book
AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1910 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.
Call or Write *Mailed Free*
HENRY A. DREER
714 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE. 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 923 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 26 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

James C. Furst was a visitor to Williamsport over the week-end.

Miss Anna Valentine is a guest of Mrs. A. Wilson Norris, in Harrisburg.

Claude Aiken, of Selinsgrove, is visiting with his aunt, Mrs. J. A. Aiken.

Reuben T. Comly, of Unionville, was a business visitor in town on Monday.

George B. Thompson, of Alto, transacted business in Bellefonte on Monday.

J. Howard Lingle was a business visitor in town on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Miss Agnes McGowan came down from Boalsburg yesterday, devoting her time to shopping.

Fred Bryan, foreman at the "Centre Democrat" office, visited recently with friends at Nealmont.

Moses Hurwitz and little son, of State College, spent a short time in town on Tuesday. They were enroute to Lock Haven.

Sidney Kieffer, who has been at Mt. Alto for several months, returned home this week and is greatly improved in health.

Mrs. Mollie Valentine, after spending several months in the West, returned to her home here on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. M. P. Hepburn, who was a house guest of Mrs. Louise Bush for ten days, has returned to her home in Jersey Shore.

Miss Elizabeth Ardell, who was Miss Helen Valentine's guest for a time, returned on Wednesday to her home in Brooklyn.

Theodore Davis Boal and Miss Cecile de Legarde, of Boalsburg, stopped over in Bellefonte on Sunday, enroute to Washington, D. C.

John Porter Lyon and George A. Beezer, of Bellefonte, and Irvin J. Dreese, of Lemont, are attending the automobile show in Philadelphia.

James B. Lane, who is located at Latonia, Ohio, recently spent several days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lane, on East Linn Street.

Mrs. Emil Joseph and sons, Edmund and Manuel, of New York, were in Bellefonte on Thursday of last week, coming for the funeral of the late Herman Holz.

The Knights of Columbus will give a 500 and euchre party in their rooms on the evening of Wednesday, January 29th. A cordial invitation to the public is extended.

Dr. Thomas C. VanTries departed today for Altoona, where he will visit with his son, Rev. William Potter VanTries, pastor of the Broad Avenue Presbyterian church.

Dick Kauffman, several years ago a member of the Bellefonte baseball club, has signed for the coming season with the Elmira, N. Y., team, which is in the Eastern League.

D. O. Dorman, one of the efficient men on the Huyett-McNitt lumber job at Waddle, visited over Sunday at his home near Nittany. He returned to Waddle on Monday morning.

A very pleasant caller at "The Republican" office on Tuesday was Mrs. Edward C. Ishler, of State College. The Ishlers contemplate removing from State College in the near future.

Jerry Glenn, postmaster and merchant at Curtin, was in Bellefonte on Monday making arrangements for the funeral on Tuesday of his uncle, the late John Glenn, of Howard township.

Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, the well known veterinarian, is in Harrisburg this week, in attendance upon the "get together" meeting of veterinarians and stock breeders.

W. L. Daggett, with Mrs. Daggett departed on Thursday of last week for Wellsboro, Tioga County, where the former will remain for several weeks in the hope of rebuilding his health. Mrs. Daggett returned to Bellefonte on Saturday.

J. Homer Decker yesterday lost his watch and is hoping it is found by some honest person. The watch is of gold case, open face, Elgin movement, and has a fob attached bearing the inscription: "Camp of Instruction, Gettysburg, 1910."

Our staunch friend Cyrus W. Hunter, of Stormstown, was a welcome caller at "The Republican" office on Saturday, last. "Cy" says that politics are so badly muddled these days that it is hard to figure out very much of anything. Consequently, he isn't trying.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of a letter from Clement H. Gramley, of Rebersburg, containing a very acceptable enclosure. "Clem" doesn't get over this way so frequently as was the case when he was a jury commissioner. His letters are always acceptable, but we prefer seeing his cheery smile.

Mrs. F. P. Green entertained with three tables at flinch on Friday evening, last. Mrs. Catherine Dinges and Mrs. James R. Hughes were hostesses at a flinch party on Tuesday evening. Tomorrow afternoon Mrs. James R. Hughes, Mrs. Catherine Dinges and Miss Emma Green will give a thimble party with Mrs. Wallace H. Gephart as the honor guest.

Last Saturday's storm produced several days of strenuous work for linemen in the employ of the telephone and telegraph companies. Wires were down at so many points that for a day or two it was difficult to maintain satisfactory service. On Sunday virtually every lineman of the several companies was on duty from morning until night.

Mrs. Harry Garber announces that between semesters at State College dances will be held in the Bush Arcade, in Bellefonte, on Friday and Saturday evenings, January 31st and February 1st, from 8.30 to 11.30 P. M. Admission for gentlemen, 75c. Ladies free. Arrangements have been made for special through trains over the Bellefonte Central on both of these days, leaving State College at 6.30 P. M., and returning leave Bellefonte at 11.30 P. M. Round-trip fare 75c. Tickets good for two days, also good returning on any of the regular trains within the time limit. If these trains are sufficiently well patronized they will be continued on Friday evening of each week until the Easter vacation.

Mr. John Derstine was a business visitor to Tyrone Tuesday of this week.

Robert Lowrie, of Tyrone, visited with Bellefonte friends several days this week.

Miss Laura Kephart, of Fillmore, was a shopping visitor in town between trains yesterday.

The Academy football dance will be held in the armory on Thursday evening, January 30th.

M. S. Betz, of Marion township, was a genial caller at "The Republican" office yesterday.

Mrs. G. E. Hawes departed yesterday for Pittsburgh, where she will visit for a short time with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon have as their house guest Mr. Fenlon's sister, Mrs. Blair, of Ebensburg.

Mrs. Oscar Adams and son Harold, of Bellefonte, arrived home Sunday after a two weeks' visit in Philipsburg.

Miss Lulu McMullen, of Hecla Park, will depart tomorrow for Philadelphia, at which place she will visit with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. David J. Kelly and family will on April 1st move from their present home into one of the Schad properties on North Spring Street.

Mrs. Horton S. Ray, who was so critically ill for a time, has recovered so satisfactorily that she was able to be removed to her home on Saturday of last week.

That the parcels post is equal to any emergency was demonstrated one day this week when Mrs. S. Cameron Burnside received a gallon of sauerkraut from Ohio.

The Ladies of United Brethren church will hold an oyster supper and ice cream and cake festival in their room adjoining the church, Thursday evening, January 30.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Sherry, of Pittsburgh, arrived in Bellefonte on Tuesday to attend the funeral here yesterday of the late Ambrose Sherry, who died on Sunday in New York.

William Brouse, who is located in Indiana, and Richard Topelt, of Brooklyn, were in Bellefonte this week in attendance upon the funeral of the late Mrs. William Harper.

Mrs. S. A. Saterfield departed yesterday for Middlesex, Mercer County, at which place she will attend the funeral of Mrs. J. S. Randall. Mrs. Saterfield and Mrs. Randall were friends. The latter died in San Francisco, at which place Mrs. Saterfield at one time visited her.

On Tuesday evening Mary VanDyke celebrated her fourteenth birthday anniversary at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George VanDyke, in South Allegheny Street. A number of her young friends were present in honor of the occasion and all had the very nicest kind of a time.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Gramley, of Millheim, departed from Bellefonte on Tuesday on a pleasure trip of two or three weeks through the South and Southwest. The anticipation of such a delightful trip so appealed to the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Gramley, of Spring Mills, that they concluded to go along. The party, after a brief stop in Chicago, will visit for a few days in St. Louis, planning also trips to New Orleans, New Mexico and Texas.

George Jodon, who was formerly employed here by the American Lime & Stone Co., departs today for Akron, Ohio, at which place he has secured a good position. He will remove his household goods and family to Akron in the next few weeks. It is a matter for regret that good workmen who are located in Bellefonte are compelled to go elsewhere for employment. James H. Rine has come to the front with the suggestion that the Board of Trade get busy and find industries that will keep good men in Bellefonte.

The marriage of Thomas Beaver, son of General and Mrs. James A. Beaver, and Miss Milicent Prince will be solemnized on Saturday, February 1st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald S. Potter, on East Curtin Street. It was originally planned having the wedding at the home of the bride-to-be in Crafton, near Pittsburgh, but the health of General Beaver has been none too rugged of late and to enable him to be present it was decided to have the nuptial ceremony in Bellefonte, at the home of Miss Prince's sister.

The Bellefonte Academy basketball team lost out to DuBois, at the latter place, on Friday evening of last week. The score was 49—23. The local boys could not accustom themselves to the larger floor during the first half, DuBois running ahead in that period 29—3. In the second half the Academy got its bearings and equalled the DuBois scoring for the period, 20—20. At noon tomorrow the Academy team will go to Pittsburgh, where they will play the University of Pittsburgh tomorrow night. On Saturday the Academy will play with the Westinghouse team, in Pittsburgh.

A very genial and interesting visitor in Bellefonte is Mrs. Mary B. Fletcher, of Long Beach, California. She is 80 years of age and is the guest of her brother, Rev. James P. Hughes, who is in his 85th year. Mrs. Fletcher has been visiting with friends in the East for some time and will shortly return to her home in California. Despite her advanced age she is remarkably vigorous. She travels alone and scorns the thought that she needs assistance. There were twelve children in the Hughes family, six boys and six girls. Rev. James P. Hughes is the only surviving son, while Mrs. Beach and one sister are the only surviving daughters.

One would not suppose that a piece of heavy cardboard could be so cleverly painted as to so closely imitate a bunch of bananas to fool half the people in town. It is a fact, however, that such a curiosity is displayed at Keichline's fruit and cigar store, nearby the Pennsylvania Railroad passenger station. What first attracts attention is the apparently remarkably perfect fruit, every banana seemingly large and perfect. Several persons were not only fooled but fooled two or three times in one day. Charley Keichline happened to hang out the cardboard the other morning before his father arrived at the store. The latter, while walking dowh High Street, happened to notice the sign and was completely fooled. He quickened his steps to examine the wonderful bananas, only to break into a broad grin when he realized that an old-timer in the fruit business had been "taken over."

STORM WRECKS STEEPLE

(Continued from first page)

and steeple stood 175 feet from the street the major portion being of wood. The wood structure had not started to "buckle" when Mrs. Strickland saw it beginning to fall.

The escape of Mrs. Strickland from injury, if not death, was rivalled alost by the experiences of several others who were in the street nearby the church when the storm came up. George Ingram was driving a Bellefonte Fuel & Supply Co. coal wagon. He had just urged his horses on a fast trot across the path of the falling steeple a few seconds before the structure came tumbling down. Herbert Beezer, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Beezer, playing in front of the Presbyterian church. When the storm arose he started to run down Howard Street, possibly not more than a few seeonds before the steeple fell. E. E. Ardery, the mail carrier, was another who had a narrow escape. He was making his afternoon collection and was due at the letter box in front of the Gardner home just a minute or so after the time the steeple came down. He was walking in Spring Street, toward the box, when the accident occurred.

Mr. Gardner estimates the damage to his front porch and the roof of his house at about $200. He has been notified by the Presbyterians to keep an account of the cost of the repairs and that he will be reimbursed for the same.

For the present the Presbyterians will place a temporary covering over the damaged steeple base. It is understood that when permanent repairs are made in the spring a small tower will be erected somewhat similar to that on the East side of the church.

About the only damage to the church building was that caused by a large stone falling onto the roof, directly behind the steeple base. This cut a small hole in the ceiling. The church is lighted by electricity. It so happened that the wires entered the building through the lower section of the destroyed steeple. Superintendent McAvoy was promptly on the job and fixed up temporarly lighting arrangements and Sunday services were held as usual.

While the accident was of a most serious character there were a number of humorous incidents, the relating of which had a tendency to relieve the strain of excitement as spectators assembled about the wreckage. Philip D. Waddle, chief clerk at the Bush House, was on night duty last week and was about to crawl into bed for an afternoon nap when his attention was attracted by the storm. He stepped to a window of his apartments at the Bush House just in time to see the big steeple topple over. Unmindful of the fact that he was bedecked in pajamas he ran down stairs and into the hotel office with the announcement that the steeple had fallen.

Mitchell Gardner related another humorous incident. He said that Mrs. Gardner, when she heard the steeple falling, was able to think of but one thing. It was of a little paragraph written years ago by Recorder Francis Speer in his "That Column" in the "Gazette." It seems that Francis had been calling quite frequently on a young lady in Spring Street, and that Mrs. Gardner had jokingly taken him to task about it. She laughingly informed him that she fully understood why he was in the neighborhood on so many evenings. Francis in his "That Column" the following week had a paragraph to the effect that if the Presbyterian church steeple were to fall it would hit the smartest woman in Bellefonte. Mrs. Gardner said after the accident on Saturday that this was the one thing she thought about first when she saw the steeple coming down. Incidentally, Francis happened to be present while Mr. Gardner related the story.

STORM NOTES.

At Centre Hall the storm tore off a part of the roof of the barn at the Mrs. J. F. Alexander home and also blew down the old foundry cupola. A number of telephone poles were torn down, causing tangled wires to cross the roads. The Bartholomew automobile ran into a tangled wire, the top of the machine being ripped off.

At Tyrone several buildings were unroofed.

At Unionville the storm toppled over a barn owned by John C. Stere. A large section of the roof of Owen Underwood's barn, near Unionville, was carried away. E. J. Williams, of Unionville, was driving nearby Snydertown and was caught in the storm. Just when it seemed that the wind would rip off his buggy top he managed to get his team behind a shed

How's This ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

F. J. CHENEY CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

J. D. SEIBERT IN COUNCIL

Popular Machinist Elected as Successor to Oscar Yerger.

Bellefonte borough Council started off the new year's business by disposing of quite a few matters on hand at Monday night's meeting. Taking official notice of the removal from Bellefonte of Oscar Yerger, who resides in Renovo, Council voted his seat vacant and elected James D. Seibert as his successor to serve the unexpired term. Chief of Police Dukeman and Police William Beezer were re-elected for the ensuing year. W. A. Ishler, collector of borough water rents, was also re-elected for another year, Dukeman's salary remains at $55 per month, with Beezer's continuing at $50. Borough Engineer J. Henry Wetzel was also re-elected, his salary of $1200 per year remaining unchanged.

Steps were taken to give to Bellefonte a Board of Health vested with full power, as required by the State health laws. First the resignations of the several members of the old board were accepted. President Keller, of Council, with the approval of that body, then named a new Board of Health, as follows: C. Y. Wagner, to serve one year; Dr. M. J. Locke, to serve two years; Dr. R. G. H. Hayes, to serve three years; John Blanchard, to serve four years, and Dr. David Dale, to serve five years. Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff, Philip Beezer and Theodore Cherry; chairman of the Committee on Health and Sanitation, were appointed a subcommittee of Council to confer with the newly appointed Board of Health regarding the drafting of an ordinance clothing the board with power to safeguard the health of the community by taking full charge in times of epidemics, etc. This ordinance will be submitted for consideration at the next meeting of Council.

P. H. Gherrity, representing the Undine Fire Company, appeared before Council with the statement that the hiring of teams to haul fire engines to fires is each day becoming more difficult and explained that the Undines are desirous of purchasing horses for that purpose. He added that the members of the company would not do this unless they could see their way clear to keeping the horses without additional expense to the company. He cited the fact that in the last two or three years it has cost the borough $800 or more for hiring horses for this purpose. Council directed Borough Engineer Wetzel to use the Undine company horses in doing borough work wherever possible, in the event the company concludes to purchase two or more horses.

Laundryman John Noll appeared before Council with a request that a crossing be placed on South Water Street leading to his place of business. His request was granted.

Council was advised that Oscar Miles, of Milesburg, desired to learn whether a part of the land at the Green mill, in Milesburg, might be purchased from the borough. It was explained that the land was wanted for building lots. Council directed the Street Committee to inquire into the matter.

Complaint having been filed with Council regarding the placing of all kinds of refuse matter in the waste paper boxes located at various parts of town, Borough Engineer Wetzel was instructed to have the boxes cleaned. The boxes are intended as receptables for waste paper and not for dirt and other refuse swept out of stores.

SEVEN CHILDREN HELD

(continued from page 1)

was present. The attendance continued on this scale for probably a week. When the scholars would attend, the teacher claimed, some would assemble in the cloak room and not only refuse to come out and attend classes but would lock the door and insist on having things all their own way.

On Friday, last, said Miss Meyer things happened thick and fast. She undertook to use a switch on two of the scholars. They promptly took the switch from her. Then she seized a stout rule and proceeded to use it on the offending scholars. In an instant there was a general mix-up. The most that Miss Meyer could recall was that a number of the scholars came at her with a rush, punched her, kicked her and blackened one of her eyes. The issuing of the warrant for seven of her scholars followed. On Monday Miss Meyer had a sister-in-law accompany her to school to assist her in case there should be a repetition of Friday's unhappy incident. This provoked Mrs. Orndorf, mother of one of the seven children now defendants in the case, and she visited the school and advised that Miss Meyer's sister-in-law be directed to leave. Miss Meyer refused to accede to this. Monday's developments served to keep things at a boiling point and when all parties assembled before Squire Musser on Tuesday morning the tension was at a high point. Some of the parents were prepared and wanted to give their version of the unfortunate affair, but Squire Musser would have none of it. Unable or unwilling to appreciate that the prosecution, only, was being heard, the parents were anything but soothed by the Squire's blunt refusal to listen. Just how the matter will end no one at the hearing would venture an opinion.

MAY GO TO INAUGURATION

Captain Brown, of Co. L, Is Urged To Recruit Sixty Men Only.

It is very likely that at least four companies of the Twelfth Regiment N. G. P. will be selected to participate in the inaugaural parade of President-elect Wilson in Washington, D. C., on March 4th. Just which companies will be selected is a problem that is confronting Company commanders. It is known, however, that Captain Brown of Company L, has been asked to furnish the average attendance of his company at drill for the last two months, the present strength of his command and other information that would indicate that the Adjutant General of Pennsylvania is figuring on taking on the Washington trip the companies that by their attendance at drills and devotion to their duties are the most deserving.

The companies selected will likely leave their home stations on Sunday, March 2d, and have all day Monday, the 3rd to look over the City and take in the sights of interest. They will parade on the 4th and start for home some time that night after the fire works display and other evening events. Transportation is furnished and a certain amount of money is allowed for subsistence, so that it makes a very attractive and cheap trip to the National Capital.

At the present time there are several vacancies in Company L, and Captain Brown would be very glad to enlist sufficient good men to recruit his company to the minimum. As the time for the inauguration is rapidly approaching, and as it takes time to secure uniforms and other equipment and drill recruits, those who desire to become members of the local guardsmen should not put it off too long, as only those who are drilled will be taken on the trip.

Mrs. Henry Kunes Dead.

Mrs. Henry Kunes, died last week at her late home in Virginia. Her death was hastened by cancer. Deceased was a former resident of Blanchard.

"The Republican" takes pleasure in calling attenting to the proposed sermons for the next three evening services at the Presbyterian Church. The pastor, G. E. Hawes, D. D., will preach three connected discourses in which he will deal with matters of fundamental interest. Sabbath, January 26th, the first one will be preached. It deals with the question, "Is there Anything Wrong with the Average Person?" February 2nd, the subject is, "What if He Permits this to go on?" February 9th, the subject will be, "Is there a Cure?" The readers of "The Republican" may believe themselves invited to hear these discussions.

Montgomerys Suits and Overcoats are Reduced

The Suits and Overcoats that crowded our store in the fall and for weeks past are going at reductions.

It's the clothes that count. Their excellence and beauty speak for themselves.

$ 7.50	For	$10	Suits and	Overcoats	
$ 9.00	"	$12	"	"	"
$11.50	"	$15	"	"	"
$13.50	"	$18	"	"	"
$15.00	"	$20	"	"	"
$16.00	"	$22	"	"	"
$18.50	"	$25	"	"	"
$20.00	"	$28	"	"	"
$22.00	"	$30	"	"	"

Special reductions in trousers. Fine worsteds in dark colors, all sizes up to 50 in waist.

Fancy Vests, Fur lined Coats and Boys' Clothing at exactly 30 per cent reduction.

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Correct Attire For Man & Boy — Bellefonte, Pa.